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## THE DOVECOT DISTURBED.

THE House of Commons, taunted by observant foreigners with its "docility," and willing that no more should be said about its honourable members "sneaking to their places," has made a show of spirit this week. It had become almost necessary to demonstrate that, even with so wise and so tough a Minister as Lord Palmerston at the head of affairs, the House meant to assert its right to be informed of the policy of that Minister, and even to raise a question of legality when his Government ventured to make laws unto itself in dealing with British subjects. Nothing came of the debates, it is true; nothing more than a sort of formal vindication of the functions of the House and additional assurances for Lord Palmerston's comfort that this same vindication does not by any means indicate that the House is in earnest or that he may not continue to rule it and the country pretty much as he pleases. That may be very wise of hon. members, or the contrary; at any rate, it is the fact.

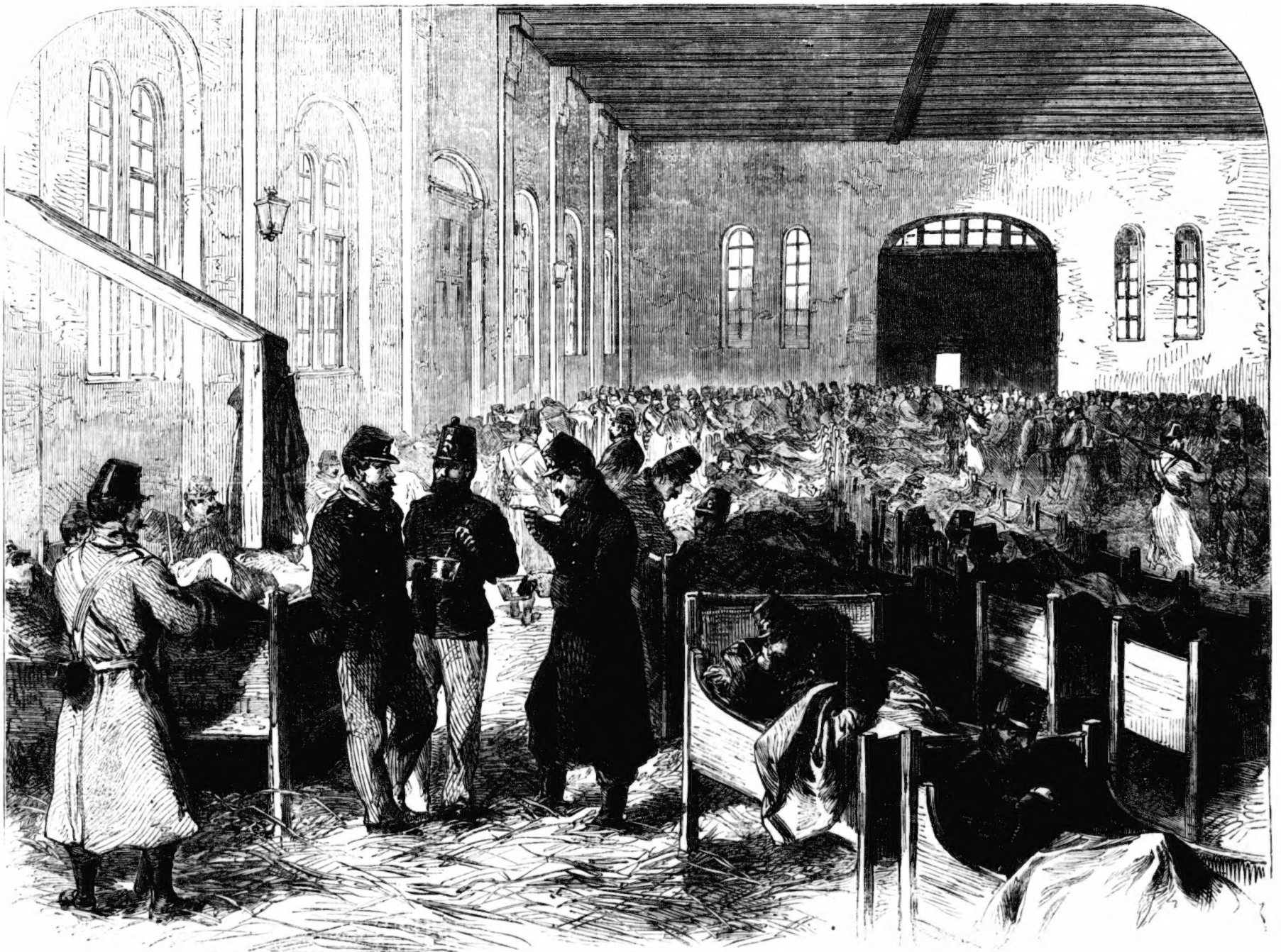
The first discussion arose on Monday, when the House of Commons was called upon to go into a Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates. These Estimates are on a reduced scale—the proposition of the Government being to diminish the number of her Majesty's seamen by about 5000. And, of course, that Government deserves great credit which eases the country's expenditure. That Government does a popular

thing, and at once soothes and attaches those hon. members whose politics are made at Manchester. Can a Government do wrong which reduces the amount of money spent on mere means of offence and defence? Well, yes. It may do wrong in turning 5000 men and boys out of our service when there is imminent danger of their being wanted. Now, the Government declares, by the mere proposal, that there is no such danger. We look around us, and see strange sights on the horizon, everywhere; we listen—the air is loud with murmurs of war. Mr. Seward threatens us with the enterprise of his country and letters of marque. In Denmark, a nation which we are bound by treaty and in honour to defend is spitted by a ruffianly invasion; and as soon as the invaders promise to "go no farther into Jutland" (which is as much as to say, "I consent to push my knife no farther into your vitals") and to talk over the war by-and-by, without by any means agreeing to stop it now—no sooner does this news reach us than we hear of a league of the smaller German States banded together against Prussia and Austria, determined to dispose of the duchies as they please and ambitious of an alliance with France.

We see no very assured prospects of peace in all this; but then we know little about it—nothing except such news as Mr. Reuter may chance to gather. The Government may know more, and their knowledge may justify their proposition of

diminishing the strength of the Navy; and when the House of Commons was called upon to make a vote recognising the wisdom of this step, it asked to be made as wise. The request came first from the Opposition, in the shape of the question, "When are we to learn from the correspondence of the Government what it has done about Denmark, and what they have or have not pledged the country to in that matter?" "By-and-by," was the answer of the Government. "Have patience; encourage your faith. Meanwhile, let us proceed as though we lived in tranquil days." Now, that appeared a little unreasonable to some hon. members who are not of Lord Derby's persuasion. Mr. Bernal Osborne rose and protested against it. "We have no business," said he, "to make a reduction of five thousand men and boys in the Navy till we know what is the position of the country with regard to Germany and Denmark;" and then, emboldened by a momentary gush of independent feeling inspiring both sides of the House, he moved that the consideration of the Navy estimates be postponed for three weeks.

To people outside, who are interested in having a house of representatives which keeps the Government in check and compels it to work above board in face of that opinion by which alone it pretends to live, no proposition could be more reasonable than this. But unhappy and fallacious Mr. Roebuck pointed out that Mr. Osborne's motion, if carried, would



DANISH PRISONERS CONFINED IN AN APARTMENT OF GOTTORF PALACE, SCHLESWIG.—(FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)—SEE PAGE 131.



amount to a vote of "want of confidence." Then upon the patriotic enthusiasm of the House followed a "brief pause," during which we can easily conceive how swiftly the minds of hon. members roved over all the probabilities of a dissolution of Parliament, and how rapidly the eyes of Mr. Gladstone detected (what his chief also would have seen in a moment, had he been there) their dread of it. His course was clear. "Yes," said he, with proper solemnity; "there can be no doubt of the effect of the motion: its effect is, no confidence in her Majesty's Ministers." Mr. Disraeli concurred in this opinion for the same reasons which governed the Chancellor of the Exchequer in declaring it—party reasons, tactical reasons; for to defeat the Government on *this* ground would not be enough. The Government could then go to the country undamaged by the criticism which Mr. Disraeli and everybody else anticipates as soon as Earl Russell's despatches come before the country. And thus, with party wisdom governing some men in this assembly, and the horrors of dissolution weighing upon all, Mr. Osborne's most honest and sensible motion was negatived by 220 voices to 47.

We very much regret this result, as we must all regret when candour loses and dodges win. There was no implication of "want of confidence" in Mr. Osborne's motion at all; and Mr. Gladstone had no more right to assume that there was, than the debtor has to take offence at the creditor who insists on having an account before he pays a bill. As Mr. Kinglake pointed out, the motion was founded not upon discontent with the foreign policy of the Government, but expressly on the fact that the House of Commons was in total ignorance of what that policy was, and that "we ought not to be called upon to vote the Navy Estimates at a moment when we do not know what our Navy is to do or what it is to leave undone." Nothing can be clearer than that; no more wholesome proposition could come before the Commons House of Parliament; and we think Mr. Gladstone blundered by distorting and opposing it. His Government would have taken a position far more dignified and popular, because more just and stanch, if it had bowed to the discretion of the House, admitting the fairness of the proposition that while one party waited for the account the other party should wait for the money.

On the next night a more determinate conflict took place, when the conduct of the Government in detaining the steam-rams built by Laird and Company in the Mersey was arraigned. We have no space left now to discuss the delicate and important questions upon which this debate turned. The case of the Opposition was this:—That the rams were detained without any evidence that they were built in contravention of the law, and that therefore their arrest was illegal and totally opposed to the spirit and practice of the Constitution. That there was no evidence against them was admitted; but the Solicitor-General insisted upon the moral certainty that they were built for service against the Federals, and declared that the Government had acted on their "own responsibility." The answer to this was, and must remain, that a Constitutional Government cannot be allowed to proceed on moral certainties in dealing with trade and property. Moreover, that "public responsibility," "public safety," and so forth, is the pretence which has always been put forward to justify arbitrary rule, and is of no account in the presence of law.

These were the arguments of Sir Hugh Cairns; and, if principles are to decide the matter, the Government is convicted of wrongdoing, even on its own confession. On the other hand, there can scarcely be a doubt in any man's mind that these rams were built for Confederate service, and that all that was wanted to make their seizure perfectly just was proof of the facts. But proof of the facts, or (for proof was not necessary to begin with) evidence of the facts did not exist, and therefore we must pronounce the detention illegal, but convenient. Now, whether a Government is justified in sacrificing the law to convenience is the point which the country has to decide; a majority of twenty-five in the House of Commons has declared that it is.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

In Paris there is a general apprehension that a European war is close at hand. Although no extra warlike preparations are discernible at Vincennes, Cherbourg, Brest, and other great arsenals near Paris, yet at others more remote preparations for the transport of troops and materials of war are being silently made, and as there are actually 400,000 men under arms, they could soon be placed on a war footing and a large force concentrated on any given point in a very short time. Public opinion is beginning to set strongly in favour of Denmark.

A great quantity of snow has fallen in several parts of France, which has interrupted railway communication.

### ITALY.

Letters from Turin state that a strong impression prevails there that a war with Austria may be soon expected. It is said that the King and Council have actually been engaged in discussing a policy which would inevitably lead to such a result.

### GREECE.

Advices from Athens state that the Greek National Assembly has empowered the Finance Minister to issue credit bonds for 3,000,000 drachmas, which will have a forced currency.

Riots have taken place in Athens, owing to the editor of one of the papers having been insulted by the son of Chamberlain Soutzo. The Chamberlain has been dismissed from his post, as implicated in the affair.

Instructions have been sent to the Greek Ambassador in London to procure a modification of the treaty for the cession of the Ionian Islands.

### THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

We receive fresh reports from Poland which confirm the evidences already given that the insurrection is raising its head in many places with renewed energy. In Radom three infantry companies of Russians are stated to have been utterly routed. Great excitement prevails in Warsaw, in consequence of the forcible abduction of a young woman, sister of a surgeon, by two Russian officers, under pretence of a domiciliary visit.

There is some talk of a large Prussian force being concentrated on the frontier of the kingdom of Poland, but for what purpose is not stated.

### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have news from New York to the 13th inst. The most important feature of it is the failure of an attempt planned by General Butler to surprise Richmond and release the Federal prisoners there. A considerable force was sent up the Chickahominy peninsula with this object, but was discovered when within twelve miles of Richmond, and, after some fighting, was compelled to return. In connection with this expedition General Sedgwick, in temporary command of the army of the Potomac, crossed the Rapidan with three corps, but, finding Lee in force on the southern bank and meeting with a stout resistance, was under the necessity of retiring. Several prisoners were taken on each side, but the casualties were not serious.

The other news is not of a stirring character, but there are everywhere indications of considerable activity. Among other less important items we learn that General Sherman, with a force estimated at 30,000 men, had crossed the Black River with a view to a junction with a cavalry and infantry force—it was supposed to flank Johnston and Hardee in Alabama and Georgia; that Admiral Porter was fitting out a formidable fleet on the Mississippi; that the siege of Charleston having proved a failure, General Sumner and Admiral Dahlgren had dispatched a land and naval expedition to Florida, and, having made a landing at Jacksonville, the expedition was supposed to be advancing on Tallahassee; that the Halifax Admiralty Court had restored the Chesapeake and her cargo to the owners; that a large steamer—it is not stated of what nation—had been fired on and sunk by the Federals in Charleston Harbour while running the blockade; that the Conscription Bill had passed Congress, including the compulsory draughting of slaves, with compensation to their owners; and that Mr. Sumner had presented a petition to the Senate praying for the extension of the elective franchise to the negroes.

### EXECUTION OF THE FLOWERY LAND PIRATES.

#### INSIDE NEWGATE.

On Monday morning five of the seven pirates recently convicted at the Central Criminal Court of the murder of the captain of the ship Flowery Land, on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty of England, on the 10th of September last, were hanged in front of the prison of Newgate, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The five were—John Leone, or Lyons, 22 years of age; Francisco Blanco, 23; Ambrosio, or Mauricio, Duranno, 25; Marcus Vartos, otherwise Watto, 23; and Miguel Lopez, otherwise Joseph Chancis, and sometimes called "the Catalan," 22. Basilio de los Santos and Marcelino, who had been convicted with them, were reprieved on Friday evening, so that the lives of these two have been spared. The whole of the convicts were natives of Manila, except Watto, who was a Levantee.

About seven o'clock the Sheriffs of London, Mr. Hilary Nicholas Nissen and Mr. Cave, with the Under-Sheriffs, Messrs. Nicholson and Gammon, arrived at Newgate, and were admitted by a private entrance, made for the occasion, to the Sessions House. At an early hour in the morning the priests who had been in attendance on the doomed men since their conviction were again with them, and remained until the last. Mr. Morphinos, Archimandrite of the Greek Church in London-wall, attended upon the convict Watto, and the other four received the consolations of religion from the Rev. James Hussey, of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, and Fathers Joseph Louis and Hermann, Spanish priests.

The officials having proceeded to the condemned cells, Calcraft, a short, thickset, shabby man, with venerable white locks and beard, which his sinister face belied, shuffled rapidly in, cringing with a fawning deference to all he passed, and, opening a cell, proceeded to pull out several black leather straps, with thongs and buckles that looked at first like harness. With one of these in his hand he proceeded to the first cell, which was at once opened, and Watto was called forth to be pinioned by the common hangman. With the first call of his name Watto stepped forth into the corridor and stood meekly before the executioner, a slight, fair, and very good-looking young man of twenty-one or twenty-two—a lad whom, to judge by physiognomy alone, one would have chosen out of a thousand for a kind and gentle disposition. His real name was Marcus Vartos, and in his indictment he was designated as of Turkish origin, but in religion he was a Greek, and was, in fact, one of that numerous class known in the Levant as Low Franks. In spite of his mild appearance and now meek bearing, he was, if evidence is ever to be trusted, one of the most ruthless of all these men, foremost among the plotters, most merciless of the assassins. He was attended by Mr. Morphinos, and looked perfectly resigned and subdued as the hangman drew the straps and buckles rigidly around. When it was done he asked for the turnkey who had watched over him since his conviction, and, when he at once came forward, tried to shake hands with him and kiss him on the cheek. But the gaoler, almost shuddering, drew back from the salute, and then, and then only, did the wretched young man seem abashed and cast down beneath the ignominy of his position, nor did the explanation of his clergyman that such farewells between men were not customary in England seem at all to relieve the confusion and despondency with which he retired slowly to his cell. The next to step forth from his room was Lopez—the adviser of all the murders, the determined perpetrator of at least one—the worst-looking in countenance, and, to the very moment of his death, the most defiant in gesture and in bearing of them all. It seemed almost as if Lopez had been hanged before, so lightly did he step forth, so rapidly did he adjust his every movement to the necessities of the hangman, and thrust his hands almost by anticipation into the straps that were to confine his dying struggles. Yet not for a second did his mere swagger, if we may use such a term at such a time, impose on those accustomed to see really brave men going to their death. So unsteady was he that every movement, even the least the hangman made to buckle the straps around him, threatened to tilt him over; his fingers were almost buckled in the way the hands were clasped together; his eyes sought every face with an anxious, dreadful glance; his lips trembled, though he tried almost incessantly to wet them with his parched tongue, but in vain. Duranno, who assassinated the mate of the ship, was the next to come out, and was the first who showed signs of fear. Watto was resigned, Lopez was defiant, but Duranno seemed blanched by his fear to a dull clayey hue that was worse to look upon than the pallor of death itself. Still, though his lips kept shivering, and his eyes reeled, he seemed to bear up till the hangman removed the sailor's necktie and undid the collar of his shirt. Then the death that was so near seemed to come upon him in all its bitterness, and he crept together with his limbs, and spoke a few words, in almost piteous tones, to the Roman Catholic clergyman who was with him. Blanco was even worse than this. Large beyond all the rest in stature, an overmatch for almost all the others in mere brute strength, the man who had taken the most conspicuous and relentless part in all the murders, who had struck down the mate, and boasted of having thrown him while praying for mercy into the sea, who had stabbed the captain in his sleep, and beaten the captain's brother till his very corpse was shapeless, came out from his cell as if the very agony of death was on him, so strongly did he show his fear. He seemed helpless as he was being pinioned, sighed heavily, and kept trying to wet his lips with his tongue and rolling his eyes up above him on every side, looking, as it seemed to those around, for the scaffold on which he was to die. Leone, or Lyons, as he was called, was the last to come.

Without any show of fear, but with much sorrow, he stepped into the corridor and was pinioned, looking, as he showed himself throughout, a resigned and apparently deeply repentant man. He spoke English tolerably well; and when his hands and elbows were closely fastened to his side he leant forward, and in a few broken words said to Mr. Sheriff Cave that he quite admitted the justice of his punishment; but until then he had never seen how wicked his crime had been, or how deserving it was of death. In expla-

nation of what Leone said about not knowing how much he deserved his death for what he did, it may be mentioned that nearly all the prisoners have stated to the Sheriffs since their condemnation that they would never have been driven into mutiny and murder had they not been nearly starved, and kept on a pint of water a day while in the tropics.

When Leone retired to his cell the hangman left, and in a minute afterwards a signal was given, and, one after another, the five men were brought out, each between two warders, and then a somewhat hurried move was made through the passages towards the front of the gaol, over the walls of which could be heard reverberating the dismal tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell, and, worse than all, the impatient, clamorous, roaring hum of the crowd outside.

Within a heavy iron grate they were thus led to a form, and there, for the first time since their trial, they sat down side by side, and, almost as they did so, the bell of Newgate, with a loud, discordant boom, began to toll above their heads. Beyond where the culprits were sitting was a passage, the end of which was thinly hung with black, and which led out into the open air, as was shown by the glare of day coming down between the narrow, dark stone walls. Outside this was the scaffold. But it needed nothing to tell the men that within a few feet of where they sat they were to die a shameful and a violent death; for with the first boom of the bell came in the hoarse murmur that a multitude makes when talking, mingled with an indescribable tramping sound, and cries of "Hats off, hats off!" "They are coming!" amid all which, and the noise and sway of a great crowd, the bell above the heads of the wretched men went tolling rapidly on. Duranno and Blanco leaned back faint, and the others seemed to listen with dreadful faces, now looking up to where the clang of the bell came down upon them, then glancing with quivering lips through the passage which just let in the daylight and the noise of the crowd, but allowed nothing to be seen beyond. The old hangman left to take a glimpse at the scaffold and see that all was ready. Scarcely a minute was thus passed when the hangman returned and hurried out with young Watto, at the sight of whom there was a renewed cry from the multitude outside. Perhaps at the sight of his comrade in guilt thus borne away—perhaps at the sound of the mob without—Duranno turned pale and faint and asked for water. Water and brandy both were brought, and Duranno and Blanco both drank a little of the spirit raw, and were then hurried off. Lopez was called next, but as he rose there was a half shout, half scream from the crowd outside, for Blanco, the most powerful of all the murderers, and supposed to have been the most hardened, had fainted with the rope round his neck, and was, in fact, hanging till the warders ran back to fetch a chair, in which the wretched man was propped up till the drop fell. Lopez and Leone now remained alone on the bench—Lopez careless as usual, though quiet; Leone resigned and apparently absorbed in thought and prayer. Again Lopez was told to rise, but again there was a delay, of which he took advantage to ask for something to drink. Water was put to his mouth, but he spat it out and turned away his head, though the feverish eagerness with which he swallowed some brandy was awful to behold. Then he rose, and, as he stood hearing the bell toll, his desperate spirit at last gave way, and his eyes filled with tears, which he tried in vain to raise his pinioned hands to wipe away. Then he, too, went out with a light, jaunty step, and was almost immediately followed by Leone.

There was deep silence now within and without the gaol, and none of the officials compelled to be present looked out, for the old hangman had left the men standing in a row and was busy beneath the scaffold. In another instant there was a heavy sound, and all turned away, while the gibbet creaked audibly, and the last and most solemn effort which man can make for self-preservation had been exercised against five as determined murderers as have ever hung in front of Newgate.

#### OUTSIDE THE GAOL.

Starting eastwards about one p.m. on Sunday, we first discerned symptoms of unusual excitement after we had passed Temple Bar. Fleet-street was dotted with abnormal groups; Ludgate-hill was busy; the Old Bailey was already moderately full. In the latter thoroughfare, the barriers at every few yards, the groups of City policemen, the concentrated turbulence displayed outside the gate through which the gallows was to be shortly dragged, the determined attitude of those in the front ranks, the covert hostility with which all fresh arrivals were greeted, and the dogged obstinacy wherewith any attempts at free passage were repelled, all spoke significantly of the fierce struggle to be expected as the night rolled on and the hour fixed for the execution approached. By many a devious circuit, by aid of duckings beneath barriers, and much obsequious propitiation of King Mob, the north end was reached, and we stood opposite the debtors' door of Newgate. Once there, the incautious stranger became a mere passive instrument in the hands of touters of places at windows, hoarse of voice and wiry of limb, foul in gesture and appearance, and vehement in asseveration. After inspecting and rejecting many of the rooms proffered, after stormy interviews with disappointed proprietors, who accused us of depreciating their property and wasting their time, we selected a tavern almost opposite to the fatal drop, from the first floor of which we witnessed more brutal, callous wickedness than we have either words to express or heart to describe. Conducted with entire propriety, its liquor-counter closed, its lower windows barricaded, this house was let from top to bottom to men of the better class, a proportion of whom were philanthropists engaged in testing the effect of capital punishment upon the witnesses around. They had ample opportunity of doing so. "I wonder they didn't gang you," was the first remark of the landlord on hearing we had ventured to walk up the Old Bailey, and a few minutes' experience showed us the terrible significance of his remark. On the pavement beneath were assembled, not merely the scum of the population, not the drabs and petty thieves who bandy ribaldry and pilfer deftly, but organised gangs of powerful muscular ruffians, who hustled and robbed every wayfarer who had aught of which to be despoiled. It is not too much to say that the pavement, from the corner of Snow-hill to the middle of the Old Bailey, was for some hours as completely in the hands of a band of desperadoes as if neither law nor order were known in our land. The instant any one of even moderately respectable exterior appeared upon the scene, the watchword, "Black! black!" was shouted, and in an inconceivably short space of time he was surrounded, hustled, divested of all valuables, and sent hatless and coatless away. If he resisted he was beaten; if he cried out, he was garroted. Seated within a few feet of the pavement, and with an army of policemen within a stone's throw, we saw this happen, not once or twice, but dozens of times. The mode of procedure was uniform, and its effect instantaneous. The lookers-on heard the mystic "Black! black!" and immediately saw a hatless figure struggling powerlessly with thirty or forty assailants, who seized him by the throat, tore his garments, emptied his pockets and flung him away. While these inconceivably disgraceful scenes were being enacted, the obscene and blasphemous cries of the crew engaged in mocking the preachers in the crowd, the fierce cheers with which the constant fights were encouraged, the screams and whistlings, the hideous groans and indecent songs, formed an accompaniment which, as an open expression of abandoned depravity and rampant sin, has probably not been exceeded since the world began.

WRECK OF THE GOLDEN AGE OFF DUNGENESS.—During a heavy snow-storm on Friday morning last, the well-known ship Golden Age, Captain Park, one of the Black Ball line of passenger-ships, on her homeward voyage from Madras to London, with a cargo on board valued at £200,000, was driven ashore in the Channel, near Dungeness, when she filled and afterwards became a total wreck. When first discovered, a heavy sea was breaking over the ship, and it was observed that those on board, crew and passengers, were in a most critical position. The Dungeness life-boat, belonging to the National Life-boat Institution, immediately put off to the rescue of the distressed people, and her crew succeeded, in the most courageous manner, in reaching the stranded ship and taking off the Trinity House pilot, the captain, some passengers, and several of the crew. Previous to the life-boat reaching the vessel a pilot cutter, the Queen, had managed to get alongside the ship, and also rescued some of the passengers and crew, who were landed in the course of the day at New Romney.



## IRELAND.

**ANOTHER ABDUCTION CASE.**—Richard Bolton is a well-to-do farmer in the county of Wexford. He is a Protestant, and lives at Ballycarnew, on 200 acres of freehold. He had a daughter, Susan, just turned eighteen, a pretty, dark-eyed lass, the pride of his heart. Latterly, Farmer Bolton had been thinking of his daughter's matrimonial prospects, and it was well known in the village that he had expressed his intention of giving her the tidy sum of £1000, with which to commence housekeeping as soon as she found "a lover both gallant and gay." About two miles and a half from Ballycarnew lived Michael Kavanagh, a carpenter. He came to the farmhouse, saw Susan, and conquered. But he was a poor carpenter, and a Roman Catholic besides, and the stout farmer would not have him, and told him so. The carpenter, nothing daunted, continued his courtship. "None but the brave deserve the fair," he thought, and it was possible that, if he could get the lady to Dublin, their hearts could be combined in one without much trouble, and in spite of the obstinate old father. He laid his plans before Susan, but she, having a scrupulous regard for her good name, rejected the proposal for a while. She was not, however, filled with the stubborn blood of her father. Michael's entreaties and her own affection induced her to yield, and on the 19th of September last, when Ballycarnew was wrapped in slumber, the pair eloped for Dublin. But they found in Dublin that they could not be married in such an off-handed way as they thought. They went to lodge with one Margaret Roache, and subsequently with John Collins, cab-proprietor. They spent a month thus unmarried, and it became necessary that they should go home; but Susan would not go until she was married. The banns had been forbidden at the registrar's, and nothing could be done at the Consistory Court without paper. John Collins volunteered to help them out of their difficulty. He accompanied them to the Consistory Court on the 13th of October, and represented himself to be Susanna's father, "for the purpose of obtaining a license from the Surrogate of the arch-diocese of Dublin for the solemnisation of the marriage between Susan Bolton and Michael Kavanagh." He further said that his name was John Bolton, and affixed his mark to a consent in writing authorising the marriage. Mary Ann Roache and Michael Kavanagh were present, and helped the deceit by making an affidavit that Collins was the father of the girl. The ceremony took place shortly afterwards, and all went merry for a while. But trouble came before the honeymoon was long over. Mr. Kavanagh wanted his spouse to go to mass with him. She refused, and disputes arose, in the course of which the means taken to procure the marriage came to light. Farmer Bolton communicated with the authorities, and the result was that John Collins and Mary Ann Roache were on Saturday morning last placed in the dock at the police-office, before Mr. Stronge, charged with making a false declaration to procure the marriage of Susan Bolton, otherwise Kavanagh. Mr. Kavanagh is now "on his keeping," and can't be found. Mrs. Kavanagh made an affidavit setting forth the facts of the case as above narrated, and, after the examination of some witnesses, the case was adjourned.

## SCOTLAND.

**YOUNG, a lunatic, aged twenty-four, escaped from Sunnyside Asylum, near Montrose, on the 12th of January, during a fire. Eight or nine days afterwards he was found in a barn with the toes of both feet frostbitten, a large portion of the left foot and heel having almost fallen off. He lingered for some days, when lockjaw supervened and he died.**

**A REMARKABLE TRIAL.**—Among the notes appended to the Registrar-General's quarterly return, we find the following from Dunbar:—"The mortality has been principally amongst the aged. Three persons attained the respective ages of eighty-nine, ninety-four, and ninety-seven. The first had been a marine, and fought under Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar. He died from gangrene of the feet, and suffered comparatively little from debility or age. The second was a joiner, and had been an apprentice to Andrew Meikle, the inventor, and assisted at the erection of the first threshing-mill in Scotland. The third had been a domestic servant, and was able to go about till within a few months of her death. Her father and grandfather attained nearly the same age as herself. She had conversed with the latter, who witnessed the entry of William and Mary into London in 1688, while the former was present at that of the Pretender into Edinburgh in 1745. She remembered the building of the North Bridge, and the erection of the first house in the New Town of Edinburgh—was in service with a family there, where Burns, then in the zenith of his fame, was a frequent guest."

## THE PROVINCES.

**PENWERN CASTLE, the seat of Lord Mostyn, was discovered to be on fire in the course of Friday night week. Every effort was made to extinguish the flames, but the stately pile was nearly consumed, and with it some splendid pictures and some valuable antiquarian records.**

**A MURDER FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.**—On the 3rd of this month a labourer digging out a ditch in a dirty lane at Ringstead, in Northamptonshire, found a skeleton which has since been declared to be that of a woman. Fourteen years ago Lydia Atley disappeared from Ringstead. She was known to have kept company with a young man named Ball, and suspicion fell upon him at the time as being connected with her disappearance. Nothing could be traced to him, however. Now it is alleged that the skeleton is that of Lydia Atley, and Ball is in custody charged with her murder.

**EARLY RIFLED ORDNANCE.**—Several of the posts on the quay at Peel, Isle of Man, used for the mooring of the vessels in the harbour were old iron guns, which had at one time formed a portion of the guns formerly mounted on Peel Castle. It appears that, in consequence of reports recently made by some visitors to Peel, inquiries were set on foot, at the instance of the authorities at the War Office, relative to these guns, the result of which was that they were inspected by competent persons, and reported as being the earliest specimens of rifled cannon known to exist. A correspondence between the War Office, the Secretary of State, and his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor ensued, which resulted in the determination of her Majesty's Government to have the guns taken up from their position on Peel Quay, and forwarded to and placed in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, as among the most rare and early specimens of rifled ordnance known.

**SAD END OF A YELVERTON.**—Between two and three o'clock on the morning of Saturday last the body of a woman, literally half naked and actually frozen to death, was found lying in the gutter, in Barrack-street, Douglas, Isle of Man. The body was that of the drunken and dissolute Hon. Jane Yelverton, alias Jenny Keefe, by which name she was better known, the widow of the Hon. Augustus Yelverton, brother of Lord Avonmore and nephew of the notorious Major Yelverton, whose marriage and law-suit have for the last five years occupied the attention of the public. At an inquest held on the body of the woman, it was stated that the Hon. Augustus Yelverton, the husband of Jenny Keefe, to whom he was married about twenty-five years since, died in Liverpool about two months ago; that he left her a considerable sum of money for her maintenance, which was to be paid to her in instalments by a lawyer in Liverpool, from which town she had arrived in Douglas on Tuesday week, her fare to the island (according to a statement she made to a woman in a low public-house on the night before her frightful death) having been paid by the lawyer in question. It appears that the Hon. Augustus Yelverton and the deceased had lived in Castletown, Isle of Man, for many years, and so dissolute and depraved were they in their habits that they had been committed to prison fully a hundred times for being drunk and disorderly. At that time they were allowed by Lord Avonmore, it was understood, an ample income to keep them comfortably; but they were in the habit of spending it in drink as quickly as they got it, and they scarcely ever had on them sufficient rags, let alone clothing, to cover their nakedness. Jenny Keefe, who was a low-born woman, was the third wife of the Hon. Augustus Yelverton, he having previously been married to a Spanish lady and an Irish one. He had no children by his last wife, but he had several by his former wives. In consequence, however, of his depraved habits they were taken from him, and they now occupy respectable positions in life. Although in rank, and in education also, there was such a difference between Jenny Keefe and her husband, yet they were greatly attached to each other; they invariably accompanied each other in their orgies; and, if one of them was sent to gaol for some outrage against the peace, it was the practice of the other to smash shop windows, or make a disturbance in the streets, for the sole purpose of getting committed to gaol also, in order that they might keep each other company. They scarcely ever had a place to lay their heads in, and they lived the greater portion of their time either in the streets or in prison. All the clothing that Jenny Keefe had on when she was found dead was an old gauze frock, which did not reach to her knees, and was no thicker than a piece of paper, an old pair of socks that just reached above her ankles, and a pair of thin slippers. A few hours before her death she was seen standing in a house door close to where she was found dead, and was heard trolloping out, in a voice husky with drink, a street ballad called "True blue for ever." The jury returned a verdict of "Death from exposure."

## THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

## PROPOSED CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

The most important feature that has developed itself in connection with the war in Schleswig within the last few days is the statement that England has proposed a conference in London for the settlement of the question. The proposal, it is said, was made with the concurrence of France and with the support of Russia. All the parties to the Treaty of 1852 are to be invited to send a representative; and, further, the German Bund are to be asked to participate in the discussion. Austria and Prussia are reported to have accepted the proposal, but with this proviso—that there is to be no armistice, but that hostilities are to go on uninterruptedly. It is believed in Germany, however, that the Diet will decline to take part in the conference or to be bound by its decision, in which case the project must either fail to the ground or an arrangement be made without consulting the Germanic Diet. Should Austria and Prussia in good faith accept the conference and concur in the con-

clusions arrived at in it, of course the opposition of the minor States of Germany, as represented at Frankfurt, will not be of much consequence.

## THE HOSTILITIES.—REPULSE OF THE PRUSSIANS.

The Danish and Austro-Prussian armies still continue to confront each other at Düppel, and continual skirmishes take place. The most important of these occurred on the 18th inst. On that day a Prussian reconnoitring party in force attacked the whole line of the Danish outposts. The action was severe and protracted. A regiment of the Danish advanced guard was driven in, and, as would appear from the accounts, the village of Düppel itself was taken by the Prussians. The village, however, lies to the west of the intrenchments—in fact, stands so directly between the fortified lines and the enemy that the Danes had to destroy some of the houses in order to open a clear way for their fire upon the Prussians. Therefore, when the assailants had gained the half-ruined village, they were only within convenient fire of the intrenchments, and it was not their fate this time to get any nearer. The Danish forces sent to the aid of the regiment driven in were well supported by the cannon from the bastions, and, after a lengthened engagement, the Prussians were compelled to retire. The losses on both sides are said to be heavy. The Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia were on the field. The preparations for the attack and defence of Düppel still go on; and, if nothing occur to interrupt the war, a determined struggle for this important position must take place.

The Prussians having thrown a bridge across the little sound which divides the peninsula on which Düppel stands from the mainland, a Danish ironclad appeared before the bridge on the 18th and attempted to destroy it, and the Prussian batteries opening fire in return, an engagement took place, which lasted about an hour. The ironclad, owing to the shallowness of the water, could not get near enough to effect her object, and retired. Other accounts state that the object of the Danish vessel was merely to make a reconnaissance.

Meanwhile, matters have assumed a serious aspect elsewhere. The Prussian corps which had followed the Danes towards the frontier of Jutland, a portion of Denmark Proper, and therefore beyond the bounds of the "material guarantee" which the German Powers affect to seek, has passed the frontier of Schleswig and taken possession of Kolding and Gudsoe. This, it is alleged, was done in the heat of a skirmish that occurred, and orders are said to have been given to the Prussians either to retire or not to advance further. The violation of the Danish territory is, according to accounts from Vienna, against the wish of Austria, and even the Cabinet of Berlin affects to be surprised at the event. But, if so, why should German troops be allowed to remain for one hour upon purely Danish soil?

Field Marshal von Wrangel has issued an order stating that all persons evincing any hostile intention or refusing to render assistance to the allied troops shall be dealt with according to martial law. A singular order to be issued in a country where we are told that the allies are welcomed as liberators.

The allies seem to be pursuing a very stringent course as regards obnoxious persons who come into the duchies. The correspondent of two Paris papers was arrested a few days ago, and after being confined for some time was liberated on signing an obligation to quit the country immediately. The reason alleged for this act is that the gentleman in question had written some rather unpalatable strictures in the journals which he represented. Herr Rasch, a well-known Prussian democrat, has also been arrested in Schleswig; and after being confined in a prison-cell for forty-eight hours without even knowing what charge was preferred against him, he was at last informed that his opinions were considered "too pronounced" by the Imperial and Royal Commissioners, and that as a special act of grace he should be released on giving a solemn promise to leave the country by the next train.

The Danish force occupying Fredericia, in Jutland, is described as numbering about 6000 men. It is added that many of these men are Schleswigers.

Hostilities are about to be commenced at sea as well as on land. Danish cruisers are out in search of German ships, and twelve Austrian war-vessels are reported to have been ordered to the Mediterranean and the English Channel, to cruise in search of Danish ships.

The Danish engineers have discovered an ingenious and simple contrivance for keeping their opponents exposed to a heavy fire by a sort of invisible fence made of strong wire, supported at stated distances by timber posts inserted in the ground. It must take, at all events, some precious minutes to overcome this obstacle, during which the attacking troops would be open to a destructive fire without any shelter. The intrenchments at Düppel are now all being surrounded by these formidable barriers.

## THE DEFENCES OF DÜPPEL.

A letter from a Prussian officer, written at a village near Gravenstein, contains the following particulars of the Danish works at Düppel:—

The famous Düppel intrenchments are quite near to us. They consist of ten small forts and of two *têtes-de-pont* defending the bridges of boats which maintain the communication with Alsen Island. The redoubts are armed with more than 100 heavy guns, are covered also by powerful strand-batteries, and several gun-boats cruise day and night between Alsen and the mainland. The principal works are surrounded and connected by a complicated network of trenches. An immediate attempt to storm the place would cost a great many men, and it is, therefore, the more sensible plan to proceed to a regular siege, as appears intended, and as may be inferred from the position taken by the allies, in an extensive circle round the works. It seems also very probable that the Austrians and Prussians may have the intention of keeping the Danes shut up in their defences, stopping all their supplies from the mainland, and wearying them as much as possible, while they themselves in the meanwhile draw provisions from Jutland. The plan of our commanders, according to rumour, is to trace a parallel round the whole of the works, and to push forward trenches to within perhaps 300 paces of them; then to establish a second parallel with a breaching battery, in order to damage the enemy's defences before proceeding to an assault. The Düppel intrenchments once taken, batteries of heavy guns will doubtless be established on the heights, so as to command Alsen Sound and the shores of the opposite island. The Prussian artillery will then destroy the enemy's intrenchments on Alsen, which certainly can hardly be done without the destruction of the town of Sonderburg; but it is the only way in which a passage by pontoon bridges can be effected and the island conquered.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have again the pleasure of placing before our readers a variety of Engravings illustrative of the war in Schleswig-Holstein, several of them being from sketches by our Special Artist. A few words only will be necessary in connection with most of the Engravings.

## DANISH PRISONERS IN GOTTORF PALACE.

The illustration on our front page represents Danish prisoners confined in an apartment of the Gottorf Palace, at Schleswig. Some of these prisoners were wounded, and suffered considerably from the cold. Everything, however, that was possible in the circumstances was done for their comfort, and it is reported that the allied officers and soldiers under whose charge the prisoners were placed evinced the utmost anxiety to treat kindly the men whose valour they were also ready to acknowledge. A story is told of an Hungarian Hussar who had formed in the hospital a warm friendship with two Danes, whom he had encountered in the fight at Oversee, who had both inflicted wounds upon him, but whom he had succeeded in disabling and capturing. Numerous other incidents of a like nature are reported, especially as regards the Austrians, who are much better liked by their antagonists than the Prussians are.

## RASCH'S HOTEL, FLENSBURG.

is one of the principal places of entertainment in the town, and formed the head-quarters of the Prince of Prussia previous to the advance of the army to the neighbourhood of Düppel. It is a plain structure, and closely resembles the comfortable roadside inns familiar to the traveller in England during the old coaching days. If we may judge, however, of the accommodation provided in Schleswig inns from the experience of travellers since the commencement of the war, the parallel between the old English inn and the Schleswig hotel holds good only in so far as the outside is concerned, as the comforts to be had within are represented to be of rather a meagre character.

## THE RETREAT FROM THE DANNEWERK.

The Engraving on page 136 represents the Danish Barracks at the greater of the two villages near the lines of the Dannewerk. These barracks, as well as the habitations of the villagers, are mere huts; sufficient, perhaps, to afford a shelter in inclement weather, but utterly incapable of furnishing comfortable lodging places. The Danish soldiers, however, are represented as being very hardy, and tolerably indifferent to the rigours of their climate. In connection with this subject we may print the following account, by a correspondent who shared the march, of the hardships borne by the Danish troops during the retreat from the Dannewerk:—

It was not long before our march began to exhibit, on a small scale, some of the horrors of the famous retreat of the French from Moscow. The night was dark, the cold terrible; the thermometer, I dare say, did not mark more than four or five degrees below the freezing point, but the chill in our veins told a very different tale, and the slipperiness of the road was perfectly awful. The snow, which was falling thick and fast at frequent intervals, lay in the fields three or four inches deep, and fringed the trees in the forests with the most picturesque fretwork; but it was trodden to the thinnest layer by all the feet, hoofs, and wheels of a whole host, till it glistened like ice in the occasional gleam of some pale star, as one or two peeped out in the sky through the gaps opened in the mass of clouds by the fitful blast. Dragons, artillerymen, all who travel on saddle, were dismounted. Even led-horses were put to the direct exertions to keep their footing; draught-horses had to be held up, and cannons, caissons, and ammunition or luggage waggons to be dragged by the sheer strength of men whose tread was no steadier. The falling of men and beasts, the cracking of wheels and axletrees was prodigious. It took us full nine hours to go over the first Danish mile and a half (less than seven English) of ground. Morning broke upon us long before we were half way between Schleswig and Flensburg, and we reached the latter place about four o'clock p.m. on Saturday, having accomplished the whole distance of twenty-two English miles in eighteen hours. The halt at Flensburg was of only two hours. Soon after dark we were again toiling onwards in the direction of Krasau and Gravenstein; we reached the latter place at about eight a.m., after a second night rehearsing all the horrors of the previous one in an aggravated form. The cutting wind, the drifting snow, the darkness, the slipperiness of the roads, were the same throughout. Even at Sonderburg, even in the streets and open places of the town and environs, where horses had to be picked and the soldiers to lie by their side as they best could, men and cattle had to strive hard with the treacherous ground, they had to weather the furious storm as Heaven sent it, not a few of them cursing in their hearts the madness of Kings, who must needs wage war in deep winter.

## BAGGAGE-TRAINS ON THE ROAD TO FLENSBURG.

Another of the sketches sent us by our Special Artist depicts the halt of a baggage-guard at a posting-house on the road between Schleswig and Flensburg. On page 114 of our last week's Number we printed some description of the posting-stations on the Schleswig roads, and to that account now add the following sketch by a correspondent of the scene presented on the road from Flensburg to Apenrade and Gravenstein while the German forces were following the Danes to Düppel and into Jutland:—

Flensburg and the magnificent amphitheatre of hills which stand in its vicinity at the head of the bay, or fjord, were not far behind us before we came up with the rear of a double line of provision-waggon, strongly guarded, and through which we could not have passed if the waggons had even permitted us. From this point to the spot where the road separates into two branches, of which one leads directly northward to Apenrade while the other diverges to the north-east, our progress was anything but rapid. While the majority of the baggage-train took the former direction, we struck off by the latter road, which is the highway to Gravenstein. The baggage-train, which stretched as far as the eye could reach over the treeless plain in this vicinity, was not long left behind when we arrived at an inn. Here we stopped to water our horses and obtain, if possible, a cup of warm coffee for ourselves after our three hours' ride. Our progress had been impeded not only by the block-up, but also by the bad state of the roads. The snow lies two feet deep over the whole country, and on the roads it has in places been beaten down by the vast number of vehicles, horses, and men which have recently passed over it, into a condition far from favourable to rapid locomotion. The inn we found crammed to overflowing with Prussian military. There was hardly room to stand upright in any of the rooms; some four or five hundred troops were quartered on an establishment which, in times of peace, would have been considered full with ten or a dozen visitors. After incredible exertions on our part, we at length obtained the coffee, and were accommodated, while we sipped it, with standing room in the kitchen.

## RECEPTION OF THE HOLSTEIN DEPUTATION AT FRANKFURT.

Shortly after the entry of the federal execution corps into Holstein, and when Prince Frederick of Augustenburg had been proclaimed at Kiel and other places, a deputation of "patriotic" Holsteiners was appointed to proceed to Frankfurt and solicit the Diet to recognise the Prince as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and to receive the combined duchies as members of the Bund. The Engraving on page 132 represents the reception of these deputies at the seat of the Diet. The popular fervour in favour of Germanising both duchies was then at its height, and the Holstein deputation was accordingly welcomed in a most enthusiastic manner. It does not appear, however, that the members of the Diet were at first disposed to accede in full to the wishes of the deputies, as they put them off with a promise that the matter should receive due consideration. But since then the Diet has been more inclined to go the whole length desired by popular feeling in Germany, notwithstanding the apparent opposition of Austria and Prussia, and accordingly the following resolutions have been submitted by the majority of a committee appointed to consider the question of succession in the duchies:—

That the High Federal Diet should resolve—

1. That the treaty concluded upon May 8, 1852, in London, with the object of settling a new order of succession to the States at that time united under the sceptre of his Majesty the King of Denmark, is in no degree of binding force upon the German Confederation.
2. That the execution of the treaty has not only been rendered impossible by later occurrences, and the conduct of the Danish Government with regard to the German duchies, but that the Diet is also not in a position at present to take this treaty, by subsequent recognition, as the basis of its resolution.
3. That, therefore, the proxy of his Majesty King Christian IX. of Denmark, presented by Privy Councillor Baron von Dirckinck-Holmfeld, and discussed at the thirty-eighth sitting of the Federal Diet on the 28th of November last year, could not be accepted.
4. That instructions should be given to the committee upon the constitutional affairs of Holstein and Lauenburg to prepare a further report with all possible celerity upon the succession in those duchies, for the purpose of arriving at a decision upon the claims that have been put forward. The committee, in preparing this report, will not take as basis the Treaty of May 8, 1852.

Further complications, it would seem, are likely to arise out of the differences between the minor Powers of Germany and Austria and Prussia. A Conference of Ministers of the smaller States has been sitting at Würzburg, and, it is said, has resolved that the minor States should be united in their attitude in the event of the great German Powers endeavouring to withdraw forcibly from the Federal Diet the right of disposing of Holstein. It was also resolved not to sanction any convention affecting the rights of the duchies, and that the Federal Diet alone has to decide on the succession question. The Conference further resolved that more federal troops should be sent to secure Holstein, and that preparations be made for the mobilisation of the armies of the minor States.

## PASSAGE OF THE AUSTRIANS THROUGH ALTONA.

Every house in Altona was decorated with flags on the entrance of the Saxon troops, and the inhabitants welcomed them with acclamations of joy. Very different was the feeling manifested when, a month afterwards, the Austrian troops belonging to the Schleswig army of occupation passed through Altona. The people evinced cold indifference. The flagstaffs still projected from the windows, but not a flag was seen floating in the air. The troops marched northward amidst silence, and anxious foreboding seemed to be the only sensation created by their presence. Indeed, a formal protest has been lodged against the passage of the allied troops through Altona, which is represented as a violation of the territory of the State to which the town belongs.

## THE SAXON TROOPS IN KIEL AND RENDBURG.

The friendly feeling maintained between the Saxon troops and the inhabitants of Kiel, whilst the former occupied the town, is exemplified in the subject of our Engraving. The Saxons left Kiel shortly before the arrival of the Prussians on their march to Schleswig. In the interim, the students



performed the guard duty. Our Engraving represents the Sunday parade guard.

As our readers are aware, the Saxon troops were acting under the orders of the Diet at Frankfort, and formed, with the Hanoverian, Bavarian, and other contingents, the corps of "execution" originally ordered to occupy Holstein, which they did until the Austrian and Prussian contingents, which had previously acted as a reserve, stepped to the front, took the lead in the invasion of the duchies, and effectually pushed the Federal troops aside. Under the auspices of the Saxon force the popular feeling in Holstein was allowed full scope, and Prince Frederick of Augustenburg was proclaimed in Kiel, Rendsburg, and other places where they appeared. It was on pretence of stopping the movement in favour of the Augustenburgs that the Austro-Prussian army was ordered to take the lead. The Engraving on page 133 shows the Saxon baggage-train resting on the Parade Platz, at Rendsburg.

#### THE AUSTRIANS IN BRESLAU.

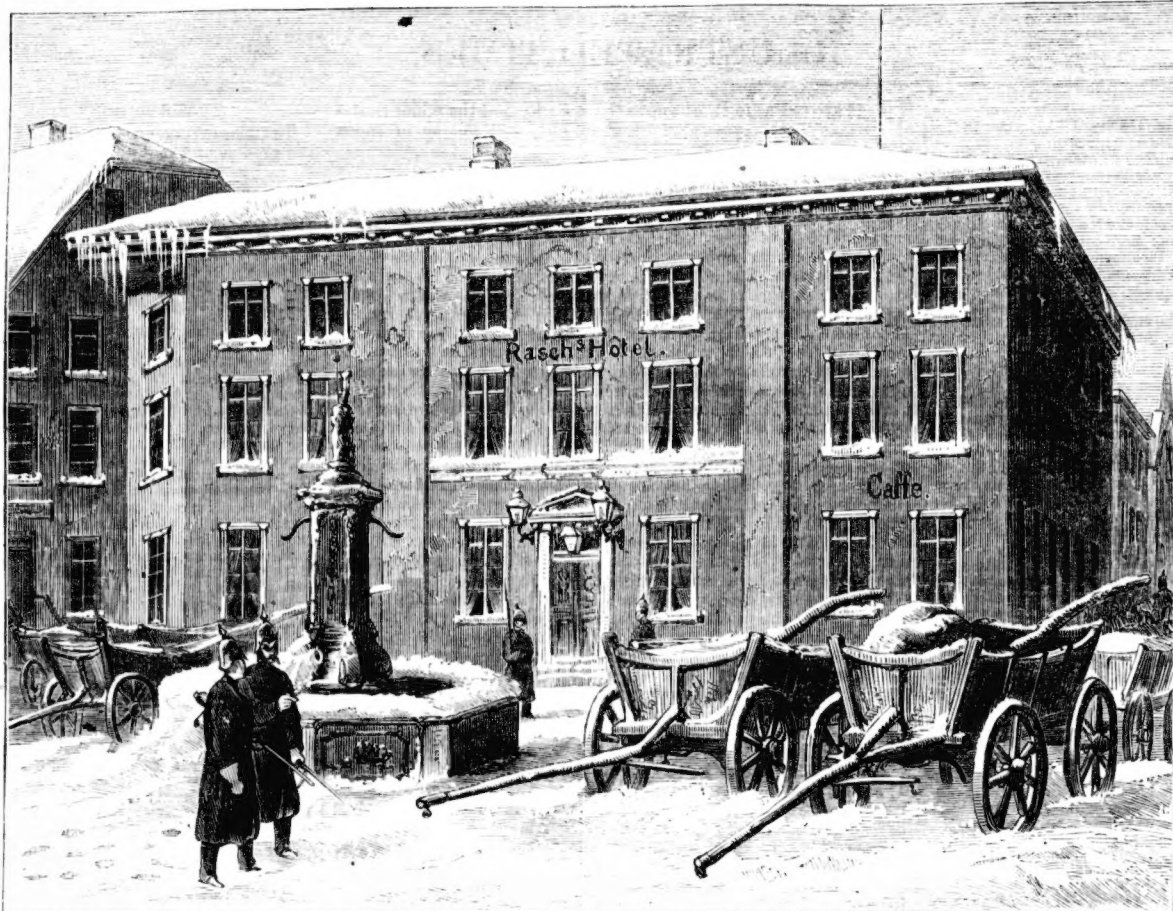
As soon as it became known that Austrian troops were expected to pass through Breslau, the inhabitants showed themselves by no means disposed to offer their visitors a welcome reception. Since the time when Frederick the Great expelled the Imperialists and received the oath of allegiance in the ancient capital of the province, the Silesians have been so perfectly incorporated with Prussia that it was scarcely matter of surprise that they should feel dissatisfied at the prospect of being thrown into close intercourse with the subjects of a Government which during late years has been frequently at variance with their own. Not only was it resolved to abstain from everything like friendly demonstration on the

arrival of the Austrians at the railway terminus; but it was even proposed to cover up the statue of the "Great King," as if to screen the eyes of the venerable Monarch from the

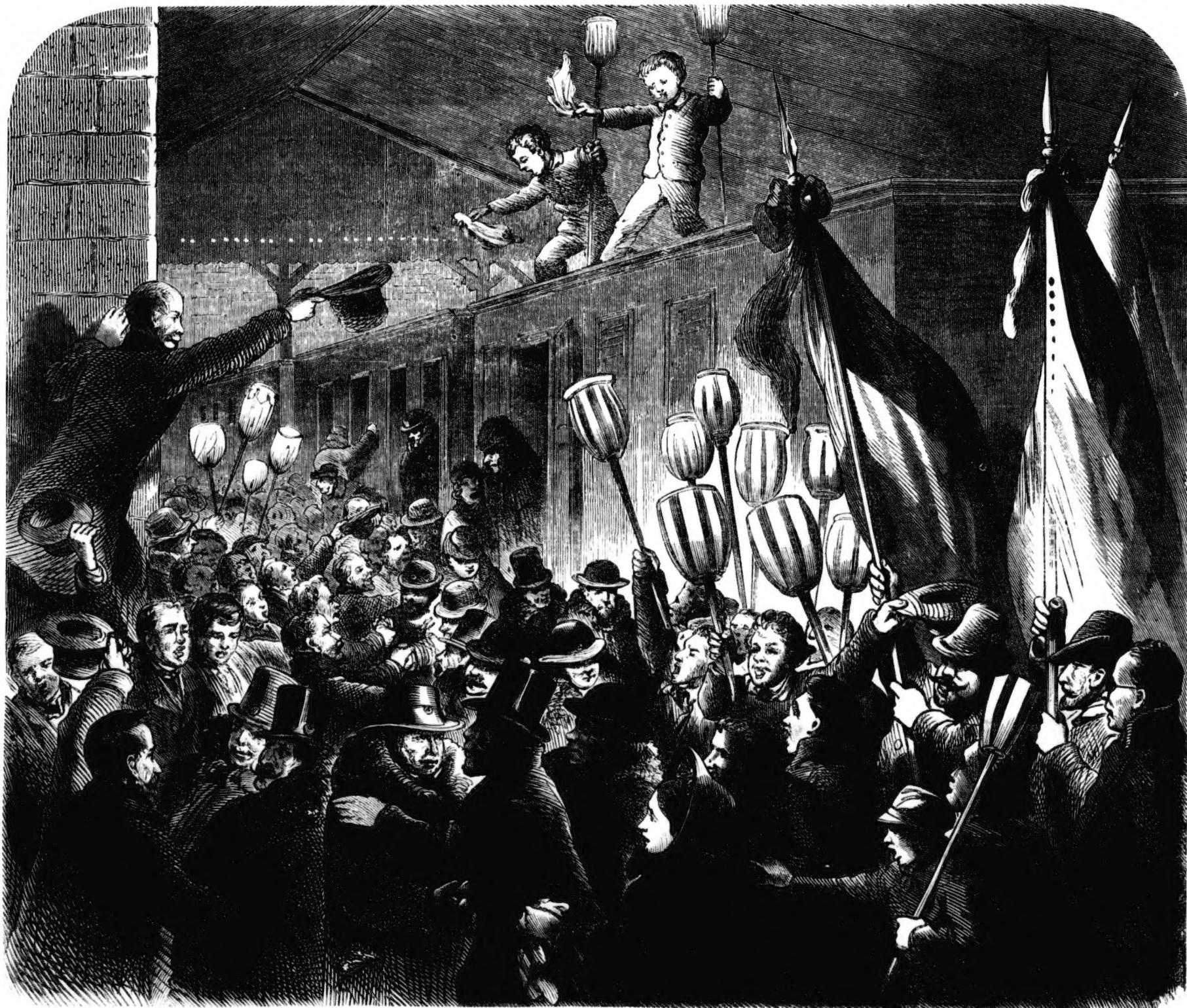
of resort. There parties of soldiers might frequently be seen drinking Bavarian beer, and entertaining an attentive group of listeners with anecdotes of the Italian campaign of 1859.

humiliating scene. Fortunately, however, the cloud of dissatisfaction which at first lowered threateningly gradually dissipated. On the appointed day, when a special train brought the first transport of troops—consisting of a regiment of Styrian Jagers, headed by a Prussian band—the soldiers experienced no unfriendly greetings from the assembled crowd, but were suffered to pass in perfect silence to the quarters allotted to them by the magistracy. Two hours afterwards a second train brought a party of Hungarian hussars, and thus the troops continued to pour in until 20,000 men, besides horses and guns, were assembled in Breslau. Though many viewed with displeasure this foreign occupation of the Silesian capital, yet there was but one opinion as to the admirable condition and perfect discipline of the Austrian soldiery.

In a few hours after their arrival the new comers were seen parading in their gay uniforms through all parts of the city, and for the space of several days Breslau presented a truly warlike aspect. The foreigners (that is to say, the non-German portion of the Austrian troops), owing to their inability to maintain conversation with the people on whom they were quartered, were obliged to express themselves by signs; but the German-Austrians got on well enough, and their frank, good-humoured bearing soon won the favour of the Breslauers. During the few days the Austrians remained in Breslau the celebrated "Schweidnitzer Keller" was one of their most favourite places

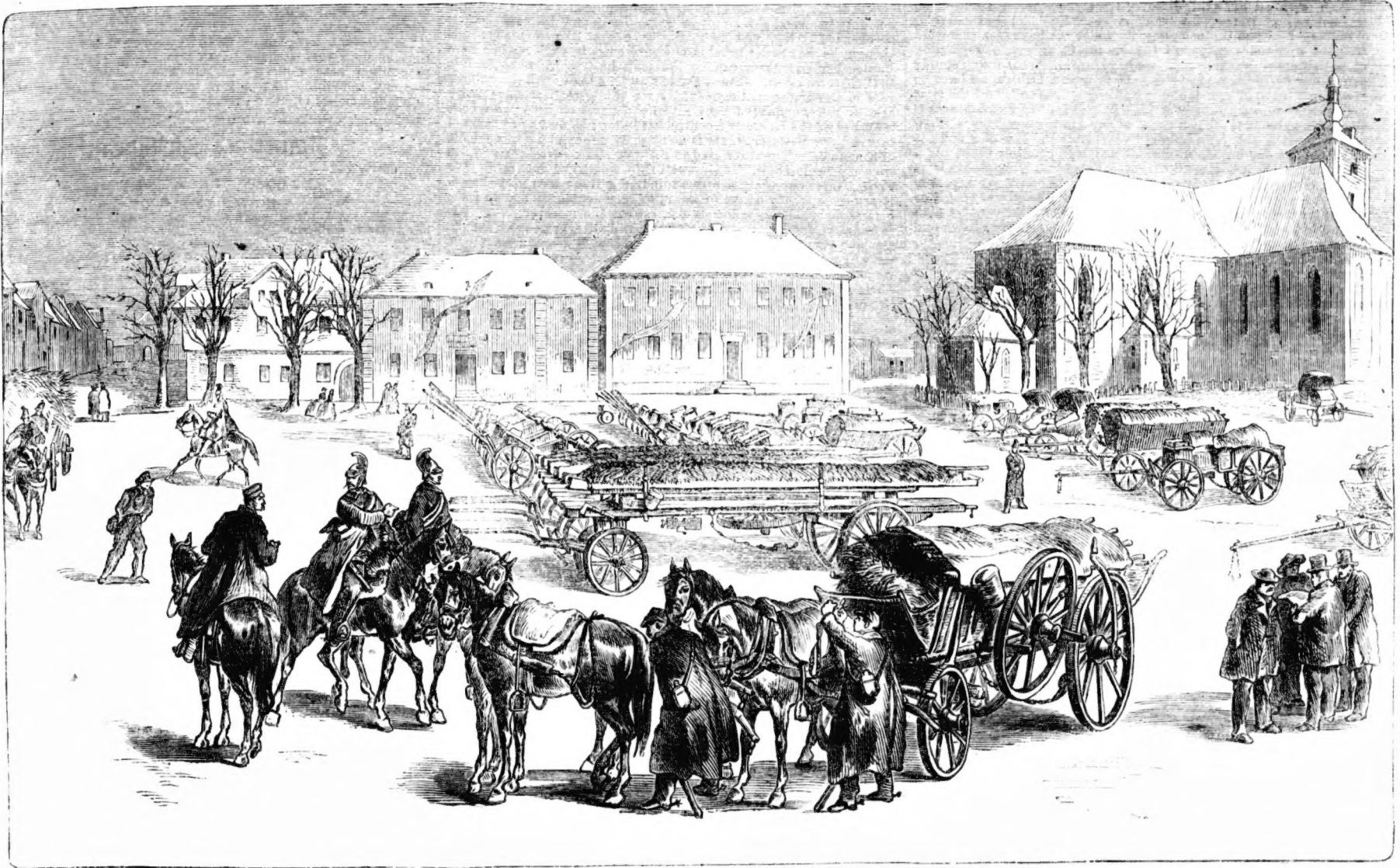


RASCH'S HOTEL, FLENSBURG, LATELY THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)



ARRIVAL OF THE DEPUTATION FROM THE DUCHY OF HOLSTEIN AT THE FRANKFORT RAILWAY STATION.—(FROM A SKETCH BY C. HOHBAUM.)





SAXON ARMY TRAIN ON THE PARADE PLATZ, RENDSBURG.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. BECK.)



AUSTRIAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH ALTONA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. BECK.)



## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 225.

## LOBBY-ROLLING.

IN books of travels in America we have frequently met with the word "Lobby-rolling." What the exact meaning of this word is we have never learned. Generally, a new word carries its meaning on its face; but this shows no meaning on its face, nor could Dean Trench, with all his skills, discover its etymology. "Lobby" we understand, of course, for that is good English; but what is "rolling"? From the company in which we have seen this word we have sometimes suspected that it means bribery, or something cognate thereto; at other times we have fancied that it means simply canvassing or touting for votes. If it means bribery, we have no "rolling" now in our lobby. But we are not so far off the time when lobby-rolling, if bribery (or "palmistry," as we phrase it) is cloaked by the word, that a sneer at our American cousins is justifiable; for it is not yet a hundred years since the Tadpoles and the Tapers of the day used to insinuate substantial gold into the hands of members as they passed into the House of Commons; whilst in the Irish Parliament, when the Government, in 1801, determined at all costs to carry the union of the two countries, votes were bought as openly as beasts are in the market. This union, indeed, cost the country nigh upon £2,000,000, the whole of which was spent in compensation and bribery. Happily, we have long since cast off this hideous slough. Nothing like bribery in this vulgar form is ever practised by the Government in our lobby now. True, a member who serves the Ministry faithfully gets places in the Customs, Excise, &c., for his constituents; now and then a zealous supporter obtains a lucrative office as a reward; another who worries the Government may be silenced in the same way; a knot of Irish members may bully and threaten the Prime Minister out of a subsidy; and in various other ways bribery, or something very much like it, may be still practised. But in such cases it is never avowed to be bribery. That hideous thing is never to be seen uncloaked. We always pay a homage to virtue if we have it not. "It is because the member is really the right man for the place that he was appointed," or, in the case of the subsidy, "Because, on the whole, her Majesty's Government has come to the conclusion that it will be for the benefit of the public service that it be granted." If, therefore, lobby-rolling means vulgar bribery, we have none of it. Let our American cousins, who we happen to know sometimes quote these articles, take note of that.

## TOUTING AND TOUTERS.

But if lobby-rolling means touting and canvassing in the lobby, we have something too much of that. Indeed, we may say of it, as Dunning said of the power of the Crown, "It has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." And we should not be surprised if the House should some night pass a resolution, "That canvassing votes in the lobby is an infringement of the privileges of Parliament; and that the Sergeant-at-Arms be ordered to stop it forthwith." Indeed, such a bore and annoyance has this sort of lobby-rolling become to members that, if no such resolution be passed, Mr. Speaker must either order the lobby to be cleared of strangers or open some back way through which members may escape from their pestilent persecutors. No bill which affects the interests of any class of her Majesty's subjects appears upon the table of the house now but straightway members are posted and worried by personal application to support or to oppose the measure. Nor are these applications made with the slightest delicacy. And, as if it were not bad enough for members to be thus assailed by their constituents, trained agents are employed to hunt members down as fugitive negroes are hunted down by bloodhounds. From this pestilent race it is quite impossible for the poor member to escape. They watch for him in Westminster Hall; he cannot walk across the lobby to get his letters at the post-office, or to go to his dinner or to the smokery, but they are at his elbow; and if they should miss him in the lobby they will be sure to "nose" him out and run him down elsewhere. Long practice has made these persecutors acquainted with his haunts and habits; and as sure as the foxhound tracks his prey, so sure will the unfortunate member be run to earth at last and dug out. We do not imagine that members are much disturbed at their own homes by their tormentors. There it is "diamond cut diamond"—John is as clever as they are. He knows the varmint well, and with a resolute "Not at home!" sends them packing with very little ceremony. "Not at home?" said one of these pertinacious agents, "why, I saw him at the window." "Yes," said the faithful John, as he closed the door; "and he saw you."

## RAILWAY FIGHTS, ETC.

And now, after this somewhat long, but, we hope, not uninteresting prelude, we will come to business. There were two nights last week in which this touting and canvassing were carried on with great vigour—to wit, Tuesday night, when the Beekenhams, Lewes, and Brighton Railway Bill, and the bill for the union of the Caledonian and Edinburgh and Glasgow lines stood for second reading; and on Friday night, when the grave question whether Leeds or Wakefield should be an assize town was to be discussed. On Tuesday night the lobby was full to overflowing of railway men, come to recruit for soldiers and to watch the fight. Great interests were at stake. "Shall the Brighton Company keep its ground, or will it have to succumb before a successful invader?" This was one question; but there was another, in which the Brighton Company could not but feel great interest. If we can beat the invader off at this stage not much expense will be incurred; but if we have to fight him in Committee, and should be successful, it will cost £50,000, at least. No wonder, then, that the fraternity of railway men—directors, secretaries, traffic managers—came down in great numbers; and no wonder they were zealous, eager, active, and even audacious. The occasion seemed to demand that all their zeal, energy, and audacity should be brought to bear. Besides, they only acted according to their nature.

## A NEW SPECIES.

And here a word or two on this class, the members of which are constant frequenters of the lobby. We have often said that there is no place in the world where you can see such a variety of human beings, and study human nature so well, as the lobby of the House of Commons. What strange people we have seen and chatted with there! De-throned Oriental Potentates, in their turbans and flowing robes; banished European princes; statesmen, philosophers, and revolutionists; rebels of all sorts; foreign bishops and priests; indeed, everything in that way below the Pope, who has not yet turned up. In fine, in the wide sweep from the exiled prince of ancient race, dating from Pharamond, to the Irish tatterdemalion come down to see if he cannot get a place in the constabulary, or, at all events, a "thrill" from his Honour just to carry him back to Ould Ireland, we have seen and studied all, and chatted with many. Well, of all these there is no class, no species of the genus *homo* more interesting than this railway class. In the first place, it is a new species. Forty years ago we had nothing like it; and, secondly, it illustrates a theory, or several theories—that grand theory of natural selection of Darwin, to wit, by which the philosopher accounts for the disappearance of one species from the face of the earth and the substitution of another in its place. The old coaching people—the proprietors, with their singular ways, their heavy dinners, and heavier drinking bouts, &c., with the whole army of subalterns, from the swell proprietor down to the meanest cad, horsey in their language, and redolent of the stable—are gone. By the principle of Natural Selection, the weaker have disappeared before the stronger, and a wholly new race has appeared in their stead. And then another thing is illustrated. Anthropologists give a wonderful power to circumstances (*circumstances*). Circumstances so change races in a few years that they have to be classified afresh. An obese London alderman transported to America becomes, by the influence of circumstances, lanky as a wasp, straight-haired, and lantern-jawed; or, at all events, if he do not, he produces children of this type. Well, circumstances have produced and moulded this railway species of the genus *homo*, with all their curious peculiarities, their abounding, unconquerable energy, their magnificent audacity,

setting all rule, custom, law—even laws of Nature—at defiance; their sharp, restless countenances, their swift movements, their sublime impudence, &c. Verily it is a strange race; perhaps, on the whole, one of the most curious developments of the age and one of the most influential. All who get into the railway world become at once changed. There was the Marquis of Plantagenet. When he was in the House of Commons he was like others of his class—quiet, stately, and aristocratic; but suddenly he got to be chairman of a great line, and he soon became a changed being, and now rushes about like a firefly; and though he has abdicated his chairmanship, is still restless as a Fantoccini, and never can be the man he was before he got into that charmed circle. But what has all this to do with the "Inner Life of the House of Commons"? We think we bear some reader ask. Why, much; for of all the classes of men who have influence in the House and control its inner life, and by so doing of course direct its outer, there is no class so powerful in this middle of the nineteenth century as the railway class. No, not one; as we could easily show. It is powerful by weight of numbers. We suspect there are pretty nearly a hundred railway men in the house. Every constituency boasts of its railway potentates; and in some boroughs the railway influence can return the member. But it is more powerful by reason of its vast pecuniary resources and its amazing energy. Reader, our opinion is that if the railway people were to unite, there is scarcely anything that they could not do. But we pass on. On this occasion the Brighton people were successful. Their opponents were routed, and great was the joy amongst the Brightonians thereof.

## LEEDS OR WAKEFIELD?

On Friday night the question was, as we have said, "Which shall have the assizes—Leeds or Wakefield?" And again the touters were actively at work; printed statements flew about like snowflakes. Every member, as he came up, was challenged with the question, "Leeds or Wakefield?" Whips for both factions kept watch and ward at the door to note who came up and to take care that no friend slipped away. Government had declared for Leeds; but Sir John Hay, Wakefield's member, disputed this decision, joined issue with the Government, mustered his forces, and prepared for fight; and it was generally expected that he would have the victory. It was known that many of the Liberals would support him; and, as he is a favourite with the Conservatives, it was thought that nearly all on that side would rush to his aid. But he lost, nevertheless—lost by nineteen votes; and we will tell our readers why, if they care to know. It was Sir George Grey's speech which broke Sir John's ranks. Sir George claimed the settlement of the question as the prerogative of the Crown, acting upon the advice of a Commission duly appointed to investigate the case. "Such Commission has been appointed," said Sir George, "has delivered its report, and her Majesty's Government, according to unbroken custom, are acting upon that report; and it remains to be seen whether the House will infringe upon an ancient custom and establish an entirely new precedent, which may lead to much inconvenience and confusion." This it was that defeated Sir John. But for this appeal to the Conservative instincts of the country gentlemen he would certainly have defeated the Government by a large majority.

## MR. LEATHAM.

The hero of the evening was Mr. Leatham, the Liberal member for Wakefield. This gentleman came into Parliament, in 1859, with the reputation of an elegant speaker, and heralded by prophecies that he would at once obtain a foremost position in the House. His first attempts at speaking were not, however, decidedly successful. His speeches were certainly eloquent; but, somehow, they did not take. Their eloquence was not exactly to the taste of the House. It savoured too much of the hustings; it needed a little toning down. Since then, however, the hon. member has been gradually improving. Every successive attempt has been more successful than the preceding; and on Friday night he achieved an acknowledged triumph. The House was full. He spoke for half an hour, in three quarters of an hour; and he not only held the attention of the House, but he gained its applause and made it exceedingly merry; made, in short, as everybody said, a most capital speech. But he could not obtain a victory. His light artillery of wit seemed to produce some effect at the time. But Sir George Grey moved up with his solid arguments, turned the enemy's flank, and gained the day. The majority was not large, but it was sufficient, for there is no appeal. Great was the joy amongst the men of Leeds in the gallery, and no doubt, when the telegraph flashed the news down to the borough, every bell therein was set ringing.

## A STORM.

Whenever we see Mr. Bernal Osborne early in the house, perched up on the edge of the horizon, nervous and restless, and holding papers in his hand, we know that we may expect a row. He is like one of those clouds which sailors call "storm-brooders." The storms, though, which he breeds are seldom very mischievous in the end. They are like thunder without lightning—noisy, but innocuous. The honourable member, on Monday night, got up one of these temporary, noisy, innocuous explosions, which, during the time it lasted, was fierce and furious, and, as some folks thought, dangerous—likely, indeed, to be destructive of the Government and of the Parliament itself; but from the first, to our experienced eye, there was no danger. The case was this:—Ever since Parliament met there has been a cry from the Conservative benches for certain papers on the Danish war. If we remember rightly, Lord Robert Cecil first made the demand, and almost every night since it has been reiterated in every note of the gamut. "Papers! papers!" Mr. Under Secretary Layard, when shall we have these papers? To all this there has been but one answer. "The papers have to be sorted, edited, printed, corrected—in short, are not ready." Well, on Monday night, Lord Robert again lifted up the cry for papers, and again the same answer was given. Whereupon Mr. Disraeli, on motion made that the House resolve itself into Committee of Supply, rose, and dilated at length, in his usual forcible, sarcastic manner, upon the subject of these papers, and was so eloquent and caustic that the House got into quite a red heat of excitement. Nor was this excitement allayed, but rather increased, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's sarcastic speech. "The right honourable gentleman," he said, "everybody knows, is a great master of political fireworks, and has no difficulty in producing at a moment's notice any amount of display." Loud cheers and laughter followed this sally, but it did not, of course, damp down the excitement. After the Chancellor came Lord Robert Cecil, who, as his wont is, added fuel to the flame, evidently rejoicing in the blaze; and then Mr. Osborne rushed into the fray, in so towering a passion that he could hardly speak coherently, and so disappointed that these papers were not forthcoming, that he moved, "That the consideration of the Navy Estimates be postponed to this day three weeks."

## WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

"A vote of want of confidence," then? Certainly; this and nothing less. Some gentlemen denied that this was the meaning of the resolution proposed; but, if we reflect for a moment, we must see that this is the issue raised. For what does the motion really mean but this:—"You ask for money. We will not trust you with it, for we have no confidence in your foreign policy." In short, we will "stop the supplies." And is not stopping supplies an indication of want of confidence? The fact is, that it is the strongest possible form in which a vote of want of confidence can be put. And we may note further for Mr. Osborne's instruction, if he should happen to read these pages, that this resolution of his is almost without precedent in modern times. In 1781 a proposal like Mr. Osborne's was made, when it was admitted that nothing like it had been proposed since the Revolution. In 1784 a similar motion was made and carried. And this is the one solitary case of delaying supplies upon the books; and "the experiment," as Mr. May wisely says, "ought not to be repeated. The responsibility of the House of Commons has become too great for so perilous a proceeding." But there was no danger of the House consenting to such a wild vote. Mr. Disraeli at once deprecated the resolution. Many other members entreated Mr. Osborne to withdraw his motion; and at last, when

he foolishly pushed the question to a division, at least fifty men marched out of the house, and only 47 voted for him to 220 against.

## ROEBUCK—ONE FOR HIS NOB.

Some few nights ago Mr. Roebuck made a somewhat rude and unprovoked assault upon Mr. Kinglake. The hon. and learned gentleman took no notice of the insult at the moment, but quietly bided his time. On Monday, during the discussion on Osborne's motion, the time came, and thus Mr. Kinglake paid the debt, with interest thereon. "The hon. member for Sheffield," said Mr. K., "has so serene a confidence in the accuracy of his own judgment that he does very frequently, in this house, state a very foolish proposition with a degree of solemnity which gives it, for the moment, something like judicial importance." Loud laughter and significant cheers followed this hit.

## Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords only sat for a few minutes, and did not transact any business of importance.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## DENMARK AND GERMANY.

In reply to Mr. Newdegate, Lord PALMERSTON said that the Government had no account of any intention on the part of the Austrian and Prussian troops to enter Jutland; but no doubt any entrance into Jutland by Austrian and Prussian troops would be an aggravation of that violent outrage and injustice which, in the opinion of her Majesty's Ministers, had already been committed by their entering Schleswig, thus involving the shedding of blood and a great sacrifice of human life, for which those two Governments were deeply responsible.

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Mr. HALIBURTON called attention to the seizure of a ship in a Nova Scotian harbour by a Federal vessel, and asked whether any complaint had been made to the United States Government on the subject, and with what result?

Mr. LAYARD said that, as soon as the matter he complained of was represented to the United States Government, Mr. Seward made a full apology. A similar apology had been made for the excessive zeal of the officers of the *Ellis* and *Annie* in their chase after the *Chesapeake*.

## ORDERS OF THE DAY.

The Bank Acts (Scotland) Bill was read a second time. The Insane Prisoners Act Amendment Bill passed through Committee after some discussion.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Royal Arcade Bill, for making an arcade from Regent-street to Bond street, was rejected without a division, after a speech from the Earl of Derby, who pointed out that the measure was projected by private parties and that it was opposed by almost all the respectable inhabitants of the parish.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE PAPERS ON THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. DISRAELI severely attacked the Government in respect to the non-production of the Dano-German papers. He contended that the treatment of the House on this subject was without precedent. Earl Russell's foreign policy for the last four years he passionately described as having made his name a terror to no other country than his own. He asked for explanations why the Government had sought to mediate in the quarrel and suggest an armistice, and sarcastically commented on the absence of Lord Palmerston when these questions had to be asked. The language of the noble Lord would, he said, in old times have been spoken of as being in the King Canbyes vein. Now it was peculiarly the vein of the noble Lord, having no other result but to bring humiliation on the country. Some information must be given, for at present, with the possibility of having to meet their constituents, they knew nothing whatever of the Dano-German business.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied to the hon. gentleman, and condemned the sneers in which he had indulged in reference to the absence of Lord Palmerston, who was always ready to sacrifice his own comfort to the public service. The right hon. gentleman was a master of political fireworks, of which he had no difficulty in producing, at a moment's notice, any amount of display. The object of this speech it was difficult to discover. With respect to the production of the papers, the Government were doing all they could; and, with reference to the armistice that had been proposed, it had not been suggested as an act of mediation. England was merely a friendly bystander in the quarrel. The Government could give no information as to the evacuation of Jutland, because they had no authentic information on the subject.

Lord R. CECIL said the House wished to know if England really was a friendly bystander. If Denmark had not been influenced by the advice of England she would not now have found herself without allies, and the House required to know how far England's honour had been pledged or tarnished by the policy of the Government.

Mr. B. OSBORNE said the House of Commons had become a docile set of instruments. Mr. Disraeli had been taunted with being a great master of fireworks; but those fireworks had thrown some light on the question. The country had been reduced to a contemptible position. If the House of Commons had any spirit they would resent the treatment they had received; and, in order to test the question, he would move that the consideration of the Navy Estimates be postponed to that day three weeks.

After some words from Sir F. Smith and Lord C. Paget, Mr. ROEBUCK said this was a motion of want of confidence in the Government on account of their foreign policy. He should vote for it.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the motion was one hostile to the Government, and complained that no notice had been given of it. If the hon. gentleman or any other member felt disposed to impeach the foreign policy of the Government, and would give notice of it, the Government would readily join issue.

Mr. DISRAELI deprecated taking the Government by surprise. He was informed that Lord Palmerston was ill, and that was an additional reason why they should postpone action on the matter until the noble Lord could be present. He condemned the foreign policy of the Government, and promised that it should soon be called in question.

Some further discussion followed, in which Sir G. Grey, Mr. Clay, Mr. Kinglake, Lord R. Montagu, Lord Dunkellin, Lord Ingestre, Mr. Walter, Mr. Laird, Sir H. Verney, Colonel Sykes, and Mr. Henley took part. Several hon. members pressed on Mr. Osborne to withdraw his motion. He refused, however, and on a division it was negatived by 220 votes to 47.

TUESDAY, FEB. 23.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

## PENAL SERVITUDE.

The Marquis of SALISBURY moved for returns as to penal servitude, and asked what steps had been taken to carry out the recommendations of the Commissioners on Penal Servitude.

Earl GRANVILLE referred the noble Lord to the bill on the subject which had been introduced into the other house.

The Earl of CARNARVON denounced the whole system of penal servitude. He expressed a hope, however, that if remissions of sentences were still allowed, care would be taken to provide police supervision of the license-holders.

Lord WODEHOUSE said, that to reduce the term of the sentence and to inflict the whole of it without remission would be better than the present system.

Earl GREY differed from the noble Lord, and argued that the only efficacious system would be to hold out remission of the sentence as a reward of good conduct. He objected, however, to the ticket-of-leave system, and regretted that there was no provision for supervision in the Government bill. The motion for papers was agreed to.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE COUNTY FRANCHISE.

Mr. L. KING obtained leave, without opposition, to bring in a bill to extend the franchise to £10 occupiers in the counties of England and Wales.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

Mr. HIBBERT directed attention to the demoralising effects of public executions, which led to a short discussion as to the advantages of private over public executions.

## THE BIRKENHEAD STEAM-RAMS.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD moved for papers relating to the seizure of the steam-rams at Liverpool. He did not want those relating to the judicial proceedings as to the rams, but only those before the seizure. Reviewing the documents which had been laid before Congress on the subject, he said it seemed to him that the Government had no good grounds for the seizure; and he asked for the papers in order that the House might see whether the law had or had not been overstepped by the Executive.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said the papers asked for were only a fragmentary part of the case, and would not give to the House the means of forming a correct opinion on the subject. He vindicated the conduct of the Government, and said they had made inquiries which proved that the vessels were not, as had been represented, for Egypt or France. That they were intended for the Confederates was shown by a paragraph which he quoted from the report of the Secretary of the Confederate navy. The trial as to the



vessels would take place in May next. The Government had only vindicated the law, and done what they would expect other countries under similar circumstances to do.

Mr. HORSFALL declared the proceedings of the Government in the case of the Alexandria, and against Messrs. Laird, to be cruelly unjust, and a profligate expenditure of public money.

Lord R. CECIL also attacked the Government for its conduct in the matter. Mr. W. E. FORSTER supported them, and argued that English interests were sustained by the course which had been pursued in the seizure of the vessels.

Sir H. CAIRNS at great length criticised the proceedings in respect to the steam-rams, and strongly condemned them.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL replied to him, and, after some observations from Mr. Walpole and Mr. T. Baring, the House divided, and rejected Mr. Fitzgerald's motion by 178 votes to 153.

#### WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

##### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

###### MALT FOR CATTLE BILL.

On the motion to go into Committee on the Malt for Cattle Bill, Mr. BASS said the farmers were dissatisfied with the measure. The only way to deal with the matter was to reduce the malt duty by one half at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. DU CANE also objected to the bill on similar grounds. A long discussion ensued, in the course of which several speakers urged the abolition or reduction of the malt duty instead of passing a measure of this kind.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in reply, pointed out that the different claimants for remission of duties asked altogether for about nine millions and a quarter, which must come out of a surplus of between one and two millions. It has been said on high authority that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," but he felt that in the multitude of enemies there was safety. The different claimants would no doubt knock their heads together, and in the end justice would be done. He criticised the different statements which had been made, vindicated his bill, and declared his readiness to exempt Ireland from its operation, provided it should not be insisted hereafter that he had thereby inflicted a grievance on Ireland.

The House then went into Committee, but progress was immediately reported.

##### INSANE PRISONERS BILL—THE POOR LAWS.

The Insane Prisoners Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed. A Select Committee on the poor laws was appointed.

#### THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

##### HOUSE OF LORDS.

In reply to the Earl of Derby, Earl Russell gave similar explanations as to the non-production of all the papers referring to the Birkenhead rams as had been given in the House of Commons on Tuesday. The noble Earl also intimated that a large portion of the Danish papers had been published that morning.

##### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

###### THE TUSCALOOSA.

Mr. PEACOCK asked on what grounds the Tuscaloosa had been seized at the Cape of Good Hope.

Lord PALMERSTON said the Tuscaloosa had been seized by orders sent out to the Cape. The Government, however, had ascertained that there was no sufficient reason for the seizure, and had ordered her release.

##### BLOCKADE OF GERMAN PORTS.

In reply to Mr. W. FORSTER, Mr. LAYARD said her Majesty's Government had received no information that any German ports were to be blockaded.

##### PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

Mr. D. GRIFFITH asked whether it was true that Prussia and Austria had agreed to a conference; and, if so, whether that engagement involved an immediate cessation of hostilities?

Lord PALMERSTON said that one of the great objects of her Majesty's Government had been to settle the differences between Austria and Prussia on the one hand, and Denmark on the other, and a conference had been proposed with an armistice. That proposition was refused, and then a conference was proposed without an armistice. Austria and Prussia had agreed to a conference without an armistice, and he believed that Russia, France, and Sweden would agree to a like course, but no answer had been received from Denmark.

Lord J. MANNERS inquired whether the German Diet had been invited to join the Conference?

Lord PALMERSTON was understood to answer in the negative.

##### SUPPLY.—THE NAVY.

On the order for going into Supply, Mr. LINDSAY rose to call attention to the report of the Commissioners appointed in 1860 to inquire into the management of her Majesty's naval yards, &c. He made many complaints in reference to the existing system.

Lord C. PAGET said he thought the object of Mr. Lindsay had been anticipated, as the Government had already directed attention to the subject.

Sir J. WALSH called the attention of the House to the inadequacy of our state of naval preparation to the present exigencies of political affairs; and moved that, in the opinion of this House, the great changes in naval warfare and the critical state of our foreign relations require the most vigorous and immediate national efforts, on a scale calculated to maintain the maritime supremacy of England.

Colonel SKYES was of opinion that our Navy was able to meet those of the combined nations of the world.

The motion was ultimately withdrawn.

The House then went into Committee upon the Naval Estimates.

Lord C. PAGET moved the Estimates. He stated that the following reductions would be made:—viz., 4500 seamen, 1800 marines, and 2000 boys. The total number of men this year would be 71,950, against 76,000 last year. The estimated cost of our Navy this year was £10,169,022, against £10,462,322 last year, showing a reduction of £293,000. The noble Lord then entered into a lengthened statement justifying the reductions which he had announced.

The remainder of the night was occupied in discussing the Estimates.

##### A GRAND IRISH ROW.

ON Monday evening a public meeting was convened in Dublin by Mr. A. M. Sullivan (of the *Morning News and Nation*) and the leaders of the so-called National party, to testify their "indignation and shame" at the proposal to place a statue of the late Prince Consort in College-green. The meeting was to be held in the Round-room of the Rotundo, the largest place in the city. Long before the time the ground near the building was crowded with young men, who appeared to be mechanics, who generally amuse themselves on Monday. It was evident that the place would not hold half the multitude waiting for admittance, and directly on the doors being opened every spot of the vast space was quickly filled, and the closely packed faces could be seen swaying to and fro like a field of wheat waving in the wind. Before the proceedings commenced an attempt was made to scale the platform by persons in the hall. This was resisted by strong men armed with sticks; the forms were knocked down, and all was confusion, in the midst of which the aggression continued till the platform was crowded by rough, fierce-looking men, who seemed bent on mischief. When The O'Donoghue, Mr. Sullivan, and the other leaders entered there were cheers and groans, and an increase of the noise, which never ceased, but was maintained in a volume, like the roaring of waves. It was evident that the meeting consisted of two factions, whose members were mixed together everywhere through the hall except the galleries, the occupants of which paid for their places and were quiet. The first to speak was Mr. Gill (of the *Tipperary Advocate*), who said they were assembled to repudiate the insult offered by the Corporation in preferring the Prince Consort to Henry Grattan. He called upon them to express their feelings like men, and to be like brothers banded for fatherland under their gifted leader, The O'Donoghue. He begged them to maintain a calm and dignified demeanour, worthy of a people who were struggling for freedom. Finally, he moved that a Mr. Crotty should take the chair. The O'Donoghue came forward to move the first resolution. He said he never saw such a glorious, magnificent meeting in that room. The moment he read the proceedings in the City-hall about the statue he wrote to his esteemed friend Mr. Sullivan that he would attend this meeting. Here the speaker was cut short by a burst of cheers for Sullivan, with a counter-torrent of groans. A person on the platform, alluding to an informer named Sullivan Goulah, and to some former controversy between Mr. A. M. Sullivan and the Fenian men, cried out "Goulah!" This was evidently a preconcerted signal. The person who made the interruption was one of the Fenian Brotherhood. There was an attempt to put him down; he resisted, and a regular fight commenced on the platform, and simultaneously in several parts of the house the battle raged. With the exception of a few who stood on a form at the wall, looking on, the whole mass on the platform were engaged in a terrific struggle—flourishing shillelahs, boxing, throttling, tumbling over the chairs and forms, sprawling on the boards, kicking, yelling. The Fenian men, being well drilled and commanded, pressed on in such overwhelming force that they carried the platform in about ten minutes. The O'Donoghue, Mr. Sullivan, and some priests fled; the chairs and tables were broken up and converted into weapons; the reporters were knocked about and quickly lost in the agitated mass. The victory was won, and the Sullivanites were utterly vanquished. The victors seized a piece of green cloth that covered the table and waved it as a flag of triumph. This put an end to the fighting throughout the room. The Fenians kept waving their flag, amid all sorts of noise and uproar, for about an hour. A priest attempted in vain to get a hearing. All this time the place was like a vast Turkish bath, the heat was so oppressive; and the people were so pressed together that egress was almost impossible. After a time the uproar subsided, but it is reported that one individual addressed the meeting flourishing a naked sword. Many of the Fenian brothers who made the disturbance are understood to have been soldiers in the American army, and that they are now engaged in drilling their brethren at home, in anticipation of an invasion of Ireland by an army from the United States. Persons dressed in the uniform of the Federal army are reported to have taken a prominent part in the row on Monday night.

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#### ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

##### THE PIRATES.

THE public thirst for vengeance against the five pirates executed on Monday last, has been satisfied. Their story is complete and curiosity is satiated, although the men themselves were almost wholly unable to give their own version of the tale. They appear to have been so utterly barbarous as to be ignorant of any language whatever as a fitting medium for the expression of ideas. They had a vocabulary of a few words by which they could express things, and this was nearly all. The state of their education might have furnished an interesting study for the philologist. For the philologist, when he happens to be a philosopher, as he usually is, and not a mere pedant, claims an importance, unthought of by the multitude, for his favourite science. He can show how the language of a country enshrines its history, as in our own, which bears testimony to the successive invasion of the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans—nay, even to the Spanish alliance of Philip and Mary. He can point out the extent of the education and civilised progress of a nation by the quality and extent of its vocabulary. And especially he can maintain that the limited talk of such men as those just hanged demonstrates them to be of the lowest class of humanity. They are mere savages; nothing more. They behaved as such, and have been treated as such, with the sole exception of having been hanged like civilised people.

And yet there is more to be thought of in this matter. These men behaved in gaol not altogether in a manner to be predicated of wild, furious barbarians. They endured the visits of an Old Bailey attorney, and did not act towards him as the *homo* in his primitive nature might be rationally expected to do. They were docile and obedient in prison. Only one of them indulged in a wild dance upon receiving sentence of death from the most humorous Judge upon our bench, and that one fainted upon the scaffold. They all came forward unresistingly to be pinioned and strangled, no one of them fighting tooth and nail for existence, as savages might have done. There is something strange about this matter.

Of course the men were unmitigated, cruel villains. They were murderers, pirates, and thieves. Perhaps not such great thieves as they might have been, for they scuttled their ship with its cargo, whereas, had they been civilised, they might have contrived to dispose of the latter at least to their profit. They stole and divided among them a large sum of money found in the cabin of the slaughtered Captain; but it happened, oddly enough, that a large portion of this money was bad. They were pirates, too—not perhaps in the ordinary acceptance of the term, whereby we usually imply rovers who, by means of armed vessels, seize upon and rob others of inferior or no armament—but certainly pirates according to the statutory sense of the word, by which a seaman making his escape with the Captain's gig, or the jolly-boat, or even running away with ammunition, is guilty of piracy. That they were murderers is indisputable, but their crimes displayed rather the impulse of a fierce vengeance than the desire of plunder. But we should like to know, firstly, how came this gang of uncivilised savages on board a British vessel? and, secondly, how was it that these same men—so passive, calm, and obedient to gaolers and hangmen—turned out ferocious ruffians to those from whom they might have expected food, protection, and pay? As to the pay, to that they helped themselves, and it cannot now be proved that the counterfeit coins alleged to have been found by them in such profusion were intended to be used in discharge of the miserable price at which they were content to undersell British mariners. The food is publicly stated to have been "five biscuits and a pint of water of a day in the tropics;" and the character of the authority exercised over them is only partially to be judged of from the fact that these men, so submissive in Newgate, rose against their officers on board ship, and only spared the lives of those whose subsequent evidence brought them to the gallows.

However, the men have been hanged, and there is an end of it. Such is the popular view. But it seems to us that this is by no means the proper ultimate conclusion of the affair. We should wish to know more of it, and, above all, to ascertain by whose special recklessness, negligence, deliberate avarice, or other default, British seamen were sent upon a long voyage among a horde of such savages as these men are declared to have been. What was the state of the victualling of the vessel, and is it true that its exigencies compelled, or that the discretionary powers of the master authorised him to dole out the insufficient rations already mentioned; or, in fact, were they so served out? What means of that instantaneous communication of command, so indispensable in the most ordinary perils at sea, existed between the officers and these fellows who are now represented as not being readily conversant with any known language whatever? How were these men picked up, why, and by whom? Are other vessels permitted to leave our ports similarly manned and provided? Is there any truth whatever in the story of the counterfeit money? and, if so, why was it put on board?

These are questions of urgent importance, not so much in the present case, since nearly all who sailed in the *Flower* Land are murdered or hanged, but for the future protection of ships, merchandise, and passengers. For if a passenger-vessel be allowed to sail with such a crew as this, the extinction of the lives of the passengers requires no more than a few yards of tarpaulin nailed over the hatches. We know nothing of the conditions of the insurance of this ill-fated vessel. Perhaps a question hereupon may be hereafter contested by the underwriters, perhaps not; but, under all the circumstances, if ever an imperative duty of strict inquiry can fall upon the Board of Trade, it may so fall in the form of a commission of inquiry, rigid and searching, into the causes of the loss of this vessel, cargo, and crew. Such an inquiry the nation is not only entitled, but in duty bound, as a matter of public safety, to demand. And, whatever may be its result, measures ought to be taken with all speed to prevent a recurrence of such a national shame, not only as the execution on Monday last, but of the causes which led to it.

##### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN lately superintended the placing of a monument to the memory of the Prince Consort in the chancel of Whippingham Church.

THE KING of HOLLAND has just completed his forty-seventh year, his Majesty having been born on the 19th of February, 1817.

MR. KER SEYMEN has retired from the representation of Dorsetshire, in consequence of ill-health.

HER MAJESTY has conferred the Knight Companionship of the Bath on General Cameron, in acknowledgment of his eminent and successful services in the New Zealand war.

AT A BAZAAR recently held at Pesh a Count gave 1000 florins for the privilege of kissing a Countess.

MRS. THERESA LONGWORTH YELVERTON is now lying ill of a pulmonary affection, at Nevers, on the Rhine.

A GREAT PORTION of COLT'S FIREARM FACTORY, at Hartford, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. The loss was estimated at from one to two millions of dollars.

NINE PERSONS WERE KILLED and a number injured by an explosion at the Aberaman Ironworks, Aberdare, last week.

AMONG THE PATENTS recently sealed is one for "improvements in apparatus for preventing sea-sickness."

THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT, at one time the darling champion of the Church, is said to have been denounced at Rome by no less than sixty-seven Bishops in consequence of his liberal speech at the Malines Congress.

MR. PULLER, M.P. for Hertfordshire, died last week. It is expected that the seat thus rendered vacant will be the subject of a contest.

A LINE of FIRST-CLASS PACKET-SHIPS is to commence running in April next between the city of Chicago, U.S., and England.

J. D. ALLCROFT, ESQ., of Wood-street, London, has presented to the National Life-boat Institution the cost of a life-boat and transporting-carriage, to be stationed at Greencastle, near Londonderry.

A MATRIMONIAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE has been opened in St. Catherine, Canada. Ladies sending in their names or initials are requested to inclose a photograph for the inspection of those about to make a choice.

THE NUMEROUS SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLES now at work in Europe are in the aggregate upwards of 5600 miles long. These cables range from four miles to 1500 miles each in length, and they are sunk in water varying from 90 ft. to 9400 ft. in depth.

THE GERMAN AND NEW YORK PASSAGE-STEAMERS are now heavily insured against war risks; they are all, however, very fast, and will probably be able to avoid the Danish men-of-war.

In 1862, 126 SOLDIERS WERE FLOGGED, the number of lashes inflicted being 5999. In the Navy there were 941 cases of flogging. The highest number of lashes inflicted was forty-eight, the lowest six.

THE DANISH SECRETARY of LEGATION (who had remained after the departure of the Minister) has now left Vienna. The British Embassy is to take charge of the interests of Danish subjects in Austria.

A JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB is to be established, to afford facilities to those waiting to be admitted to the Carlton and Conservative Clubs. The Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli are two of the trustees.

A NEW FLEET of IRONCLADS is about to be constructed by the Federal Government of America. The entire armour of each vessel, wooden and iron, will be 18 in. thick, 6 in. of it being iron.

A CASE CAME UP in the Supreme Court of Illinois recently on an incidental point, the original plaintiff and defendant in which are dead, the plaintiff's son is dead, three of the attorneys are dead, and a termination of the suit seems no nearer than ever.

THE WILL of the LATE DUKE of HAMILTON has been proved. The personality was sworn upon £140,000. To the eldest son is bequeathed all the property not disposed of by will; to his younger son, Lord Charles Hamilton, a legacy of £100,000; and to his daughter, Lady Mary Hamilton, £60,000.

THE GENERAL in COMMAND at CORFU has issued an order that, on the approaching departure of the British troops, the regulated quantity of baggage for each officer is not to be exceeded. As they have no means of selling their furniture, much less other things, the officers will have to suffer seriously.

A DEPUTATION of TRADES DELEGATES waited upon Lord Palmerston on Wednesday to urge him to use his influence to procure the opening of the public museums, libraries, picture-galleries, &c., on Sundays. The noble Lord, while concurring in the opinions of the deputation, said the question was one in which the Government could not interfere—such a step must be the result of public opinion.

THE BRITISH STEAMER PRINCESS, which touched at Malaga to take in coal, has been seized by the authorities of that port. It was discovered that she carried in her hold some rifled cannon, muskets, ammunition, and other warlike effects. The seizure was effected on account of her destination being unknown.

A PILOT-BOAT, with three men on board, shortly after leaving Ilfracombe, fell in with a water-logged French schooner, which had been abandoned. Hoping to secure their prize, they made fast a hawser, so as to tow her into port. The vessel, however, suddenly filled and sank, carrying down two of the pilots in the vortex.

BESIDES an unusual influx of Northern and Western strangers, a vast number of Southern refugees are in New York awaiting the conclusion of the war. Altogether it is estimated that there are at least one hundred thousand strangers temporarily residing in that city.

MR. THACKERAY'S HOUSE is to be sold. An advertisement in the papers has caused many hundreds of people to visit the residence of the great humorist. It is said that a sale will be held of the books, furniture, and curiosities early in the coming month.

DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS, of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, who is now in his 104th year, was born when George II. was King of Great Britain; was draughted in 1776, and served in the early part of the American War of Independence, and has a distinct recollection of the battle of Bunker's Hill, which took place when he was fifteen years old. He has lived all his life on one farm, ate at one table, and during a space of ninety years has not had a severe sickness.

LETTERS FROM VIENNA state that the French Government will agree to leave its expeditionary army in Mexico for three years after the Archduke Maximilian is established there, and will recall it a third at a time. During this period it will assist in organising a native army, to be provisionally fixed at twelve thousand men. The French Government, too, will allow the Mexican Government twelve years to pay off the expense of the expedition.

TROUT IN THE THAMES.—There is a prospect of abundance of sport in the river Thames for trout-fishing this season. Already they have been taken at Richmond while angling for roach and dace, and they have been seen feeding in various parts of the river. Upwards of 40,000 young trout, hatched by the Thames Angling Preservation Society's apparatus, were turned into the water last year. Although trout-fishing commences by law after the 27th of January, the fish are seldom in condition in the Thames much earlier than the 1st of April, at which time the anglers generally commence operations.

HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.—The American papers state that permission has been asked for their military authorities to pursue the Sioux Indians in the Hudson Bay territory. In a note to Lord Lyons, dated the 21st ult., Secretary Seward says those Indians should either be restrained from making hostile incursions into the United States' territory, or United States' troops should be allowed to pursue, subdue, and disperse them. A report from General Pope to the War Department shows that the English Government has no force in the Red River region to control these Indians. Lord Lyons, in a note of Jan. 22, says he has referred the matter to his Government, by whom it will not fail to be immediately taken into consideration.



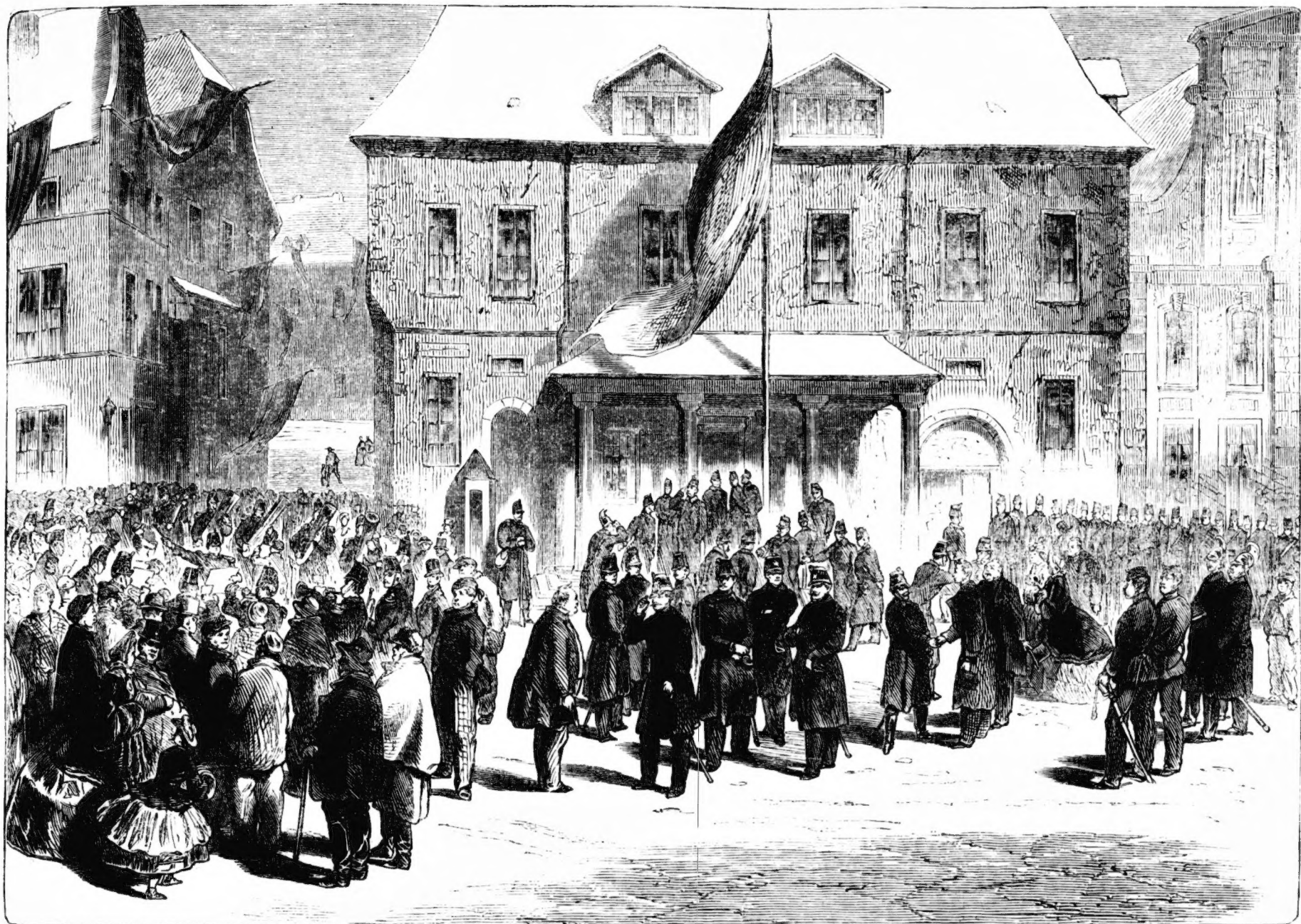


DANISH BARRACKS IN GREAT DANNEWERKE VILLAGE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)—SEE PAGE 131.



HALT OF BAGGAGE GUARD AT POSTING STATION ON THE ROAD TO FLENSBURG.—(FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)—SEE PAGE 131.





MORNING PARADE OF SAXON TROOPS AT KIEL.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. BECK.)—SEE PAGE 132.



AUSTRIAN TROOPS IN BRESLAU.—(FROM A SKETCH BY F. KARSCH.)—SEE PAGE 162.



## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I WAS anxious to see the list of members who divided on Mr. Bernal Osborne's proposal to stop supplies; and, now it lies before me, I cannot analyse it at length, but I may just make a remark or two upon its curious composition. Of the forty-seven who voted with Mr. Osborne only six are Liberals—to wit, Mr. Somerset Beaumont, Sir Robert Clifton, Mr. W. Cox, Mr. F. Doulton, Mr. Gore Langton (Bristol), and Mr. Roebuck. The rest were Conservatives; and amongst them I find Lord Robert Cecil, Lord John Manners, Lord Grey De Wilton, Lord Claude Hamilton, Lord Ingestre, Lord Henry Lennox, and Lord Henry Thynne. Is it not strange to see such men voting for a measure the like of which has been passed only once in two hundred years? The bulk of the Conservatives left the house without voting. Amongst these I find Mr. Disraeli. He spoke strongly against the motion to go into Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates, but had not courage to support his opinion by his vote. Many, however, of the Conservative party—forty, at least—stopped and voted with the Government. Amongst these were Mr. Walpole, Sir William Heathcote, Mr. George Bentinck, Mr. Thomas Baring, Lord George Manners, and Lord Naas. It was well for the country that this proposal of Mr. Osborne was not carried. If it had been, you would have had the Funds down five per cent on the next day, for such a result would have pretty plainly indicated that the House of Commons had become dissatisfied with the policy of non-intervention, and had resolved upon war. But now it is perhaps a good thing that Mr. Osborne pressed his motion to a division.

Lord Palmerston is again laid up by a cold and a touch of the gout. On Tuesday night he did not intend to come down to the house; but, somehow, he got to know how matters were going on in his absence, and, maugre gout and cold, incontinently rushed down to take part in the fray. He arrived, however, too late. He entered the house just after the division. Let us hope that his absence will be only temporary; for, somehow, all goes wrong when he is away; no one can control and rule that fierce democracy so well as he.

It is my duty to give you the political rumours of the hour, although I do not believe them. The last is that there was a row at the last Cabinet meeting. It is said that Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston were for armed interference in the war between Denmark and Germany, but got little or no support from their colleagues. My opinion is that this is pure invention—one of those canards which are so common in the Pall-mall region. Cabinet Ministers are sworn to secrecy; all our present Cabinet Ministers are old, experienced hands; and, if such a thing occurred, I do not believe that any of them would split. Besides, there is no air of truth about the report. All Earl Russell's friends say that he is certainly against interference; and certainly Lord Palmerston has shown no signs of wavering.

You will remember that last year a rebellion broke out in the kitchen department of the House of Commons, and that King Steers was dismissed and sent about his business. Well, in casting about for a successor to the throne, the Kitchen Committee heard of one Short. He, it seems, had been steward, or chief butler, or head cook to an ecclesiastical dignitary—an Archbishop or a Bishop; and, knowing that Church dignitaries, from the Pope downwards, are famed for their taste in all matters gastronomical, the Committee thought that they had secured a great prize, and seized hold of Mr. Short and installed him at once. This was at the close of the Session, or rather when the House had risen, Steers reigning till then. In the vacation King Short set to work; and, with the aid of a facile Board of Works, remodelled his kitchen at a cost of some £2000, and, of course, with such a potentate and such a remodelled kitchen the members expected great things; such dinners, indeed, as they had never had before. But, alas! they were disappointed. In short, Short fell short of their expectations; or rather they, the members, were short: short of room, short of food; many of them had to go on short commons; and the only things that were not short were, the time they had to wait and the bills they had to pay. So Short had, after a short reign of three weeks, at length, in his turn, to be dismissed. And now, what was the Kitchen Committee to do, with a hungry House of Commons daily rushing into the dining-room, and but little for them to eat, and chaos come again? Well, the Kitchen Committee, having gone far afield and fared badly, now thought of looking near home. And, lo! there, close under their noses, was the very man they wanted—to wit, Mr. Lucas, the keeper of refreshment stalls, and proprietor of the elegant restaurant in Parliament-street. They hailed at once Lucas as king, installed him on his throne, and since then, the right man being in the right place, all has gone merry as a marriage bell. The "dinners" are excellent, the arrangements are perfect, the prices are moderate. The wines—well, Mr. Lucas does not supply them. These the Kitchen Committee buy; but if they are as good as those which are furnished in the public room, which Mr. Lucas does supply, then all is good.

I am glad to find that the suggestion made a few days ago by the Marquis of Clanricarde for collecting funds to relieve wounded Danish soldiers and support the families of the killed is meeting with a hearty response. The *Times* gave the scheme the aid of an approving leader, the well-known "S. G. O." has published a stirring appeal in its favour, and a lively interest is being taken in the project by persons in the highest positions in society and all over the country. A meeting was held at Lord Clanricarde's house on Wednesday, when the following committee was named to manage the business:—Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde, Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury; Lord Enfield, M.P.; Countess Grey, the Countess of Donoughmore, the Countess of Cork, Lord and Lady Robert Cecil, Lord Harris, Lord Ernest Bruce, Sir William Alexander, Viscount Chelsea, Sir Robert Brownrigg, and Alfred Seymour, Esq., M.P. Amongst the first contributors, in addition to the above, are their Royal Highnesses the Duchess and Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Earl and Countess of Derby, the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, Earl Grey, Viscountess Palmerston, Earl Stanhope, the Earl of Bessborough, Lady Charlotte Denison, Lady Egerton of Tatton, Lady Molesworth, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lord Bective; Sir Charles Wood, M.P.; Mr. H. Peck, Lady Emily Peel, the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, &c. In this way, if not by force of arms, the English people can show their sympathy with the gallant Danes in resisting the powerful aggression made upon them; and no doubt the subscriptions will flow rapidly in.

There are autographs and autographs, and I have just been looking over the first number of the *Autographic Mirror*, a publication much of the same sort as that of Messrs. de Vielleman and Bourdin. There is, however, this difference—*L'Autographe* deals only with celebrities of France. The *Autographic Mirror*, whose second title is *L'Autographe Cosmopolite* (why not *Cosmopolitan Autographic Mirror*?) is, if I understand rightly, to give us facsimiles of the handwriting of the celebrities of the world.

The prospectus of the *Autographic Mirror* sets forth that "it will be addressed to the tastes and feelings of all classes of readers; that most people are as interested in knowing what sort of a hand great and distinguished men and women of the world write"—of the world, not alone of Paris (note that, oh! our spiritual and lively neighbours), "as how they look; and there is often as much character in a person's handwriting as there is in his turn of thought or expression of countenance."

The first number contains a cipher of Charles I., said to have been obtained from a private source, addressed to Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, which was intercepted by Cromwell and deciphered by Milton; and is supposed to have been written when Charles was prisoner in Carisbrook Castle. The key to the cipher is to be given in the second number, at which I rejoice, for the cipher itself presents an appearance of a geometrical puzzle, a ground-plan of improved cottages for the poor, and a design for fireworks, the whole ingeniously complicated by the use of the letters of the alphabet.

There is, too, a letter, dated February, 1783, from Charles III. of Spain to Louis XVI., relative to the acquisition of Gibraltar. The missive is in French, and admirably and firmly written in a literary

as well as a calligraphic point of view. Louis Philippe condole with one of his Dukes, in the big, round hand peculiar to him, in a note, dated *Tendredi matin*, 27 Mars, 1846. So much for the Majesties. Now for the celebrities:—Sydney Smyth—"wit, humorist, divine, reviewer, essayist, unrivalled conversationalist, popular preacher, and lecturer, all sorts of men in one was the celebrated Canon of St. Paul's" (thus the *Autographic Mirror*)—writes in a light, lady-like hand to tell a Miss Kingston (her name is suppressed at the top of the letter, but given in full in the body of it—look over your proofs carefully, Mr. Autographer) that he prefers the testimony—to his effectiveness as a preacher—"of an amiable young person like herself to the highest praise of the gravest Bishop that ever lived." Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir Hugh Rose are laid under contribution for letters that are interesting only as autographs; they are mere meaningless, spiritless, courteous, customary, cut-and-dry formalities.

The great painter, Peter Paul Rubens, wrote a gorgeous hand, and his letter to the Earl of Carlisle, dated from Madrid, Jan. 30, 1629, is the most interesting thing in the number.

The next page is devoted to William Makepeace Thackeray, and gives a short extract from "The Second Funeral of Napoleon, in three Letters to Miss Smith, of London, by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh;" and a sketch, or rather caricature, full length, of one Dionysius Diddler: "young, innocent, and with a fine head of hair, when he was a student in the University of Ballybunnion." The handwriting of our lately-lost genius was regular, stiff, and not easy to read quickly; the sort of writing that requires to be held close to the eyes. Will any of those stern cynics, whose hard-headed common-sense is their own discomfort and the terror of their friends, accuse me of sentimentalism if I say it is exactly the sort of hand that might have been written by those two gallantest of gallant officers and gentlemen, Colonels Esmond and Newcome?

Count d'Orsay writes a very commonplace sort of hand, and spells apple-pie with a y. Pundsters would say, "Y not?" It is not bad writing for such a terrible swell as the late Count. He announces the marriage of the Countess Guiccioli with the Marquis de Boissy (of whom I sent you an anecdote last week), and says that the Marquis has "thirty-five thousand a year in land;" and that he has just heard of the death of "poor Liston." All characteristic enough.

The letter from Charles Dickens containing so much of the glorious old anti-Stiggins, anti-Chadband, anti-Pecksniffian spirit, that I must quote it. It says:—

"That is a very horrible story you tell me of. I wish to God I could get at the parental heart of —, in which event I would so scarify it that he should writhe again. But if I were to put such a father as he into a book, all the fathers going (and especially the bad ones) would hold up their hands and protest against the monstrous caricature. I find that a great many people (particularly those who might have sat for the character) consider even Mr. Pecksniff a grotesque impossibility; and Mrs. Nickleby herself, sitting before me in a solid chair, once asked me whether I really believed there ever was such a woman."

"So—reviewing his own case, could not believe in Jonas Chuzzlewit. 'I like Oliver Twist,' says — for I am fond of children. But the book is unnatural; for who would think of being cruel to poor little Oliver Twist?"

"Nevertheless, I will bear the dog in my mind; and if I can hit him between the eyes, so that he shall stagger more than you or I have done this Christmas, under the combined efforts of punch and turkey, I will."

On the last page Mr. Macready wishes his friends to see him as Iago, which, he says, "to the *finer natures* I look on as one of the most particular of my attempts at identification." Autographs of the members of the Italian opera company of the season of 1842 close the number.

The prospectus of the *Autographic Mirror* is not elegantly written, and the marginal references are capable of improvement, especially in regard to form. The editor of the *A. M.* would seem to be deeply read in tombstone literature, for every one of the references appended to the autographs reads and looks like an obituary notice or an epitaph. Witness Lord Derby's:—

The Earl of Derby,  
Born in 1798, educated at Eton and Oxford.  
Entered the House of Commons in 1821.  
During the  
Goderich and Canning Administration  
He was  
Under-Secretary for the Colonies,  
and  
Chief Secretary for Ireland and Colonial Minister,  
&c., &c.

This is the regular churchyard form.

She was Pious, Learned,  
and  
Painted in Water-colours;  
was  
First Cousin to Lady Jones,  
and  
of such  
is  
the Kingdom of Heaven,

does not beat the autographist's style of biographical entablature. In the case of Mr. Thackeray, whose very recent loss we mourn, it may be allowable enough; but to the deaths of Charles I., of Charles III. of Spain, of Rubens, and Count d'Orsay we have long been reconciled, and we have learned to bear them with philosophy and resignation.

The executions of Monday last, of course, brought out the penny-a-liner in great force. Here is a touch of genius relating to Sunday:—"Many knots gathered in front of the debtors' door, and gazed upon it intensely, as if they were realising in imagination the next morning's scene." It seems impossible to go beyond this: the penny-a-liner nowadays, not content with reporting events, undertakes to discuss and relate the workings of people's thoughts when they "gaze intensely."

If ever there was a wonderful advertisement this is one:—"A member of the aristocracy, having no further use for it, will forward gratis the particulars of a secret by which one can certainly gain the devoted affections of any of the opposite sex." What can it be that the advertiser has "no further use for?" At all events, the gentleman (or lady) is satisfied, and deserves praise for this readiness to pass the secret round for nothing but a postage-stamp. How is it that face-writers have never made capital out of this sort of business?

Imitation is a flattering tribute. A local paper, published over the water, brings out a weekly column entitled "The Southern Lounger." The writer does not affect acquaintance with the world of literature or society, but with that of parochialism. He is great upon vestries and all that kind of thing—in fact, a kind of Lounger at the Workhouses. Perhaps we shall next have a Lounger at Spurgeon's Chapel, a Lounger at Whitecross-street, or a Lounger at Bedlam. Who knows? Here is a specimen of the lively style of my humble follower. I omit a name, which he gives in full, but which I am told is that of a respected gentleman much above the ordinary level of parochialism in intelligence and ability:—

Only fancy, Mr. Editor, that poor me (*sic*), "The Southern Lounger," should have had my name mentioned at their dinner on Tuesday last, and that the mention should have come from that neat-looking, prim specimen of parochial beadedom, Harry —, the champion of bones against sewage. Why? Eh, I shan't tell you. Thanks, Mr. Editor, for your kindness in defending me in your leading article; but this redoubtable — knows I could give him some lessons in parish matters, though he would no doubt beat me as secretary to a goose club or friendly society.

MR. COLFAX, Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, has forbidden the sale of liquor in the house-wing of the Capitol, and his orders are being strictly enforced.

MR. W. F. WINDHAM has resumed the coaching business between Norwich and Cromer. This eccentric gentleman has lately taken a partner, and the coaching firm is known under the title of "Windham and Breeze."

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

BEFORE proceeding on our second visit to the south room we will pay another visit to the north one to reconsider Mr. Dawson's "Distant View of Osborne" (179). This picture has been so generally praised that we did not wish to pronounce our somewhat unfavourable verdict until we had fully considered it. The cold sky seems to us at strange variance with the angry sunset clouds, the perpendicular arrangement of which appears scarcely true to nature. The foreground, though well painted in parts, is unsatisfactory; and the whole wants repose. The hard blue of the distant towers of Osborne is very questionable.

As we make our way back to the south room we find we have overlooked in our notice "The Poor Author" (268) of Mr. Crawford, although marked in our catalogue. Apologising for this unintentional slight to the student, whose grave, thoughtful face seems accustomed to such unlucky buffets of fortune, we resume our task where we left it last week. Before doing so, however, we will take a glance at the sculpture. There is little of it, and that little not remarkable. "A boy's head" (648), by Mrs. Thornycroft, and "The Hop Queen" (646), by Mr. Halse, are the two things most likely to catch the eye. There is a very sweet, childlike grace about the last-mentioned work; but, as a whole, the sculpture does not rise above "prettiness."

In the south room we find two of perhaps the best landscape paintings in the gallery. One is but small; but diamonds do not run large. It is No. 449, by Mr. G. E. Hering, an Italian peep as "through some loophole," so beautiful that it would almost reconcile us to the dungeon that had such an outlook. The second landscape is Mr. Stocks' "Autumn Afternoon" (590)—a picture that grows upon us as we gaze over billow after billow of woodland, with quiet reaches of village street, and with the church tower peeping out, suggestive of merry peals of bells. The clumps of firs in this painting are especially good.

"Ploughing on Mount Zion" (421), by Mr. Webb, is one of the few pictures in the exhibition likely to live long in the memory. Is this the true test of art? Perhaps it is. At any rate, of the pictures one notices, and favourably, as one passes through the exhibition, but few last long in the mind's eye, even when it is aided by a noted catalogue. In Mr. Webb's picture there is something striking that will not be easily forgotten. The oxen strain at the yoke, and the ploughman is full of energy—and it is such a clumsy plough! Shall we remember it because it reminded us of half the hard work of poor human nature, trying to scratch the everlasting hills with a team of oxen and a wooden beam?

Somewhat akin in subject is "Where they Crucified Him" (472), by Mr. Morris. It seems to us—it has appeared otherwise to other critics—that the incident represented is subsequent to the Crucifixion. The Cross is lowered, and the workman is rolling up the inscription in three languages, and some little Jewish children are gazing in wonderment upon the cruel nails. We have heard this treatment spoken of as "trivial;" but to our minds there is something very solemn in its very simplicity, linking, as it does, the historical narrative of the Saviour's death with the daily life of "the people."

A "Forest Scene" (464), by Mr. T. G. Linnell, is worthy of his reputation, and Mr. Harry Hall's "Victory Proclaimed" deserves notice, though a less careless rendering of the straw would have been an improvement.

Mr. Fitz-Gerald's "Fairy's Funeral" (443) certainly bears off the palm for fancy and imagination. These be fairies indeed, and enchanted birds, and a glimpse of elfdom. Will Mr. Fitz-Gerald be good enough to illustrate all the fairy tales for the everlasting delight of the little folk, present and to come?

In this room is another of Mr. Dillon's Egyptian views (502), which we like better. We must also recall Mr. Moore's "Morning Harvesters" (613), and Mr. Hardwick's capital "Dinant" (621) with great pleasure, as well as Mr. Bottomley's "Waiting for the Ferry" (568), with a lazy carter skulking from the sun in the shade of his team; and Mr. Wood's "Antwerp" (569). Mr. Niemann's vivid portrayal of "Bristol Floating Harbour" (545) is sure to arrest the spectator's attention, and so is Mr. H. Johnson's grand "Acropolis" (535), with the sunset red on its brow.

"Rapids" (616), by Mr. Fuller, is worthy of notice as a capital rendering of a difficult subject. Small as it is, there is something portentous in the headlong rush of the waters.

Mr. Stanfield's "Desenzano" (405) will, of course, arrest the attention and reward inspection. There are more of Mr. Sidney Percy's little paintings of Welsh scenery here that are deserving of attention. The rich stormy red of the sunset in No. 503 is very fine. But Mr. Percy must be a little sparing of his purple hues, nevertheless, for fear he should make his distances too metallic. Mr. Niemann's "Strood" (513), and its neighbour, a Devon view (514) by Mr. Pitt, should not be overlooked, though badly hung. But for a bit of real nature commend us to Mr. Boddington's "Source of the Lake" (584). The sunlight on the hillside in the middle distance, pale and watery, and the long lines of shadow on the hillside beyond are given with great truthfulness. This is one of the few pictures in the exhibition which we should care to look at long. It grows upon us just as a real landscape does the longer we gaze upon it.

How No. 602 ever came to be exhibited is a question we will not attempt to solve. There it hangs, a monument of the incapacity of the judges who passed it! We never remember to have seen anything with which we could compare it, unless we are permitted to introduce the show canvases of the booths in Bartlemy Fair within the confines of art.

Will Mr. Stoccombe pardon us if we venture to think he is a little too ambitious? No. 556 is described by him in the catalogue as "The Cromlech on Great Orme's Head—Peasant Children singing 'God bless the Prince of Wales.'" To us they look as if they might be singing, "Polly Perkins of Paddington Green," or any other popular air instead of the heir to the throne. No, Mr. Stoccombe, for all your loyalty, you can no more paint crotchets and quavers than Paganini could fiddle the sunset glowing on a dun cow.

No. 601, "Handel and the Harmonious Blacksmith," for all its skill and textual rendering, is not to our mind. There is too much of the dramatic about it, and the smith handles his hammer almost as awkwardly as if he were really a "super."

Mr. Napier's "Stealing a Kiss" (543) would please us better if the child's head were less hydrocephalic. But the sunlight and the reflection of light from the child to the mother (a poetical thought) are very natural.

A "Gentle Hint" (505) has a good study of an old rustic's head; and "The Buttery Hatch" (499), with its cool shadows and "gentle hint" at good old home-brewed, is very refreshing to the critic as he approaches the end of his labours. For we have now noticed everything in the gallery which appears to us to deserve mention, and our verdict at the close, as at the commencement, is, that the British Institution is one which shows no signs of reforming "indifferently well," and yet requires "reforming altogether."

It is impossible to help feeling that one half the pictures ought never to have been exhibited at all, and to reflect how much better we could have seen and enjoyed the remaining moiety if the others had been rejected. It is next to impossible to judge of paintings when they are huddled together, from floor to ceiling, with no regard to anything save the filling up of spaces.

Until exhibitions are thus judiciously weeded, and the select few better hung, the result will be fatal to art. The common complaint of the weariness felt after a visit to picture-galleries is due to a sort of gorging of the optic nerve, which has its digestion, like the stomach. By-and-by people will abjure picture-galleries as they do rich dinners, for health's sake. Although the excluded might grumble, and even be hardly treated in some instances, they, and Art, would gain in the end. Real merit, if kept at the gate awhile, like the Peri, would have a better place when it was admitted. As it is, really good paintings are hoisted to the ceiling or depressed to the matting; or, even if they get "on the line," appeal out of a chaos of colour and sentiment to eyes wearied with travelling over needless acres of canvas, and brains debilitated by excesses in pigment. It is for the directors of the British Institution to take such measures as shall associate its name hereafter with real improvement in art.



## OUR FEUILLETON.

## THE HABITUE OF THE STALLS.

PARISIAN REMINISCENCES.

M. JOUSLYN DE LASALLE was once the manager of the Comédie Française. In his time he picked up great quantities of gossip, both before and behind the curtain—gossip that included known as well as unknown names. That which described in his lively way, the last habitué of the stalls—was full of interest, and ran something after this fashion:—

You might have noticed in the second row of the orchestra stalls to the right, and always in the same place, a little old man with regular features and powdered hair. The eyes were full of expression and vivacity, and his observant manner harmonised well with his keen and caustic intelligence. This little old man was the Marquis de —, *bel esprit*, and one of the last *gentilhommes* of the eighteenth century. On terms of intimacy with Voltaire, and himself a poet, he had been one of the *habitués* of the Café Procope;—that café which was a kind of Parisian newspaper, and in which judgments were formed on the theatres and literature of the day. He had known Cagliostro, the celebrated prestidigitator, who was at that time the wonder of all Europe; he had attended the lectures of the German doctor, Mesmer, the discoverer of animal magnetism. The Marquis also remembered that singular person the Count de Saint-Germain, who was so prodigal of his gold and diamonds, though no one could discover their source; and that audacious actor who pretended to have fought by the side of Cæsar, to have witnessed the triumph of Trajan, and to have supped with Aspasia, Lucretia, and Cleopatra.

"One day," said the Marquis, "I and several of my friends determined to convict this man, whom the talk of the town had elevated into a sort of demigod, of falsehood. He had a servant, Joseph, who appeared to have been with him some time. We watched our opportunity, and on one occasion when there was a banquet, *chez la Guimard*, we disguised ourselves as valets, and slipped into the antechamber, where we knew we should find Joseph. The conversation turned on the merits, faults, and habits of the masters, and in this way we hoped to get something out of Joseph; but no; he was quite silent, in spite of all our endeavours. 'Fardieu!' said I at last, impatient at his obstinacy, 'at least you can tell us the age of your master?' 'I am ignorant of his age,' answered he; 'all I know is, that I have been with him four hundred years.'"

The Marquis was fond of talking, and talked well; he had seen much, and observed much. At the age of twenty he wrote "Don Carlos," which had some success on the stage. In the commencement of his career, he had mixed a great deal in that theatrical life of which so much was talked and so little known; he had seen all the great theatrical stars of the eighteenth century—those artists who were as much distinguished by their knowledge as by their simplicity. He liked talking of them. "Lekain," said he, "lived in the midst of his books; Brizard, a distinguished connoisseur in painting, was himself a very clever artist; Mole, Mouvel, Grandmenil, were all members of the Institute. I paid a visit to Mlle. Dumesnil one day in the country, and found her sitting by the side of a well, with a 'Suetonius' in her hand; she was studying the part of Agrippina. I well remember," added the Marquis, "a rehearsal of the 'Earl of Essex,' to which I had taken Lord Stanhope, who was then in Paris."

"Who plays the Queen?" said he, looking about for the actress who was to fill the part.

"There she is," I answered, pointing out a very quiet-looking person.

"What! That woman there, knitting?"

"Precisely."

Lord Stanhope could not recover from his surprise; the actress, sitting quietly, knitting, while waiting for her 'cue,' upset all his theories. His astonishment soon ceased, however, when Mlle. Dumesnil rose, put down her knitting, and walked on to the stage with inexpressible majesty. She had not yet said a word, when Lord Stanhope cried out, 'Ah! there, indeed, is Elizabeth of England!'

"Already at this period Mlles. Clairon and Lekain had brought about a happy reform in stage costume, and in 1758 the Théâtre Français came to a decision which gave general satisfaction to the public. It was resolved to do away with the seats hitherto placed on each side of the stage. The theatre was thus, at last, freed from those useless gentlemen whose coming, for the most part, caused only scandal. Listen to what happened one night to the Marquis de Sablé, who came to the theatre after having drunk deeply of wine. They were playing Daucourt's 'Opéra de Village,' when, just as they commenced singing 'Que les prés seront sables,' the Marquis appeared. 'Sablé!' cried he; 'I am insulted.' He sought out Daucourt, found him in the *coulisses*, and struck him. Daucourt immediately drew his sword, but the Marquis was dragged away and borne to his carriage, amidst the laughter and jeers of the public."

A rather singular incident happened to the Français a few years later. They had been for some time playing "The Siege of Calais" with enormous success, when an action was brought against one of the actors, named Dubois, by a surgeon, who had cured him of a certain recent illness. Dubois refused to pay, and, indeed, denied the debt. He was, accordingly, banished the theatre; but his daughter, a young and pretty girl, interceded for him with the Duc de Frouse, and he was allowed to return. His companions, however, were furious, and refused to act with him; so "The Siege of Calais" was discontinued. It was now the public's right to be angry—a privilege of which it fully availed itself; but the actors stood out, and, accordingly, met their punishment: they were all arrested—Dauberval, Lekain, Mole, Brizard, and Mlle. Clairon—and sent to Fort l'Éveque. It was a day of triumph for the great *tragedienne*, who was accompanied to the door of her prison by all the noble ladies of Paris. The affair terminated thus: the author, Dubelloi, withdrew his piece; Dubois received a retiring pension, and the actors were set at liberty.

"Twenty years after this (added the Marquis) an adventure of a different kind happened at the Théâtre Français, where they were about to play 'The Marriage of Figaro.' Beaumarchais had more trouble in getting his piece played than he had in writing it; and the intrigue of his comedy, complicated though it be, is little compared with that which attended its progress towards the stage.

"Will it be played or not?" was the question asked everywhere. The Court and the town divided for or against. The manuscript was six times sent backwards and forwards from the police to the theatre, and from the theatre to the police. At last, on the 10th of May, 1783, when the parts had just been distributed to the actors, the King and Queen wished to see the piece, and it was read to them by Mlle. de Campan, from the author's manuscript.

"It is detestable," cried Louis XVI., after the reading was over. 'The Bastille must be destroyed before that piece can be played without dangerous consequences.'

"Will it not be given, then?" said the Queen.

"Certainly not; you may rest assured of it," replied the King.

"The Queen was of a contrary opinion, and she contrived to gain over to her side the Count d'Artois, which was the more easily done, as he had recently conceived a passion for Mlle. Coutat, to whom Beaumarchais had given the rôle of Suzanne. In concert with M. de Vaudreuil and Mlle. de Polignac, the favourite of Marie Antoinette, they agreed together to try and gain the King's consent to the representation of the comedy; and, after much difficulty, succeeded; so that, on the 27th of April, 1784, the 'Marriage of Figaro' was definitely announced for that evening. A crowd at once began to assemble, and soon filled all the approaches to the Odéon. There was such a tumult as was never heard before. The people increased every moment, and the windows were filled with eager faces, all anxious to see men even scaling the balcony of the theatre by the help of ropes. In spite of the Garde Française and the Suisse, who were sent to watch the proceedings. By-and-by, carriages, with armorial bearings on them, appeared, bearing the Court and nobility, all anxious to do homage to the "first night;" and at three in the afternoon not a house was to be had in the theatre.

With great trouble I reached the *foyer*, and found a crowd of authors and celebrities assembled.

"I trust," said the Marquis de Bièvre, 'that this will not be like the first night of the 'Persideur.'"

"Why?" asked Chamfort.

"Because on that occasion the *Père-siffleur* had all his children in the theatre," answered de Bièvre.

"Presently arrived Suzanne and Cherubin, in the persons of Mlle. Coutat and Mlle. Olivier.

"What do you think of her?" asked Mlle. Coutat of Beaumarchais, after presenting to him Mlle. Olivier.

"By way of answer, Beaumarchais embraced the young actress, who was certainly very pretty, with a fair skin, fair hair, and black eyes—a rare thing in a blonde. A naïveté full of abandon, innocence, and at times a shade of pensiveness completed the charm of this young girl, whom, death, alas! carried off three years after this. Beaumarchais was enchanted with the appearance of his character. 'Delicious!' he cried; 'I could fancy myself at Madrid.' All the actors were at last assembled in the *foyer*, while the audience, the greater part of whom had not dined, made a horrible noise in the theatre until the overture commenced. Finally came the play, and then there was nothing but laughter and applause. The success was complete and triumphant. Mlle. Coutat was superb in Suzanne; and Préville embraced her on the stage, in the midst of all the applause."

After an absence from Paris of some years, which had been spent in exile with the Royal Princes, the Marquis returned and resumed his old play-going habits. "At this time," says he, '93, "the theatre had changed hands. The actors were no longer called the *comédiens ordinaires* of the King; they belonged to the people and played for the people. The theatre was called 'Le Théâtre de la République'; yet, notwithstanding, the actors held to their ancient traditions. They regretted Royalty and the aristocracy, and had no pleasure in playing the political pieces presented to them. An author came one day to read a piece, called 'Le Jugement Dernier des Rois.' A member of the Convention was present as the author's friend. After the reading was over, Grandmenil said to one of his comrades, 'If we receive it, and the others (the Kings) come back, we shall be hanged.'

"Would you prefer," said the *Conventionnel*, 'to be hanged for not having received it?'

Thermidor brought back joy and hope to artists. They all came back triumphant, after their long absence.

"I must tell you something about Mlle. Coutat—which occurs to me at this moment," said the Marquis.

"Louise Coutat was not only a great actress but a charming woman. To a long experience of the world, she united much natural *esprit* and the advantages of a good education. She was celebrated for the piquancy and charm of her conversation. After the representation of 'Pamela,' she was arrested and taken to St. Pelagie, at the very time when Josephine La Pagerie de Beauharnais was an inmate. Their prison chambers were close together, and an intimacy soon sprang up between the two captives. The gaiety of the actress helped to enliven the solitude of her companion; and at such times a smile that had something of hope in it would part the lips of the young creole, and she would draw from her breast a talisman bearing these words:—'You will sigh and suffer; but hope, wait, and you will be queen of a great empire.' 'Ah!' she would cry, 'half of the prediction is accomplished; but how is it possible to realise the other?' 'You must hope and wait,' said Louise.

"Two years later Mlle. Beauharnais met Bonaparte for the first time; and all the world knows how the other part of the prophecy came to be fully realised. Mlle. Coutat had, up to this time, continued to visit her companion in misfortune; but when a throne was placed between them the actress was too well acquainted with etiquette, and knew the world too well, not to retire into the background. One evening, however, the Court being at St. Cloud, the company of the Célimène were called there to play 'The Misanthrope.' The Célimène showed herself in all her glory, and was afterwards presented to Josephine, who received her with her accustomed grace and kindness, though gently reproaching her for her abandonment. Mlle. Coutat was invited to breakfast the following day. But she had no sooner left the palace than Mlle. de Larochevoucault, lady of honour, interfered, and thought it her duty to observe to her Majesty that such an invitation was contrary to all rules of etiquette; and that, consequently, it might be displeasing to the Emperor. Josephine yielded to these representations, and it was decided that an excuse should be made to Mlle. Coutat on her presenting herself. Accordingly, on the following morning, when the actress arrived, she was met by Mlle. de Larochevoucault, who informed her that the Empress would be unable to see her that day, as she had a violent *migraine*, and would be obliged to remain in bed; but that her Majesty had commissioned her (Mlle. de Larochevoucault) to act in her stead, and to receive Mlle. Coutat. The keen-witted actress, however, at once guessed the truth; and gracefully excused herself, saying that she herself had a breakfast engagement which she had forgotten, and that she had only driven to Saint Cloud to inquire after the Empress. After many expressions of regret and respect, therefore, she re-entered her carriage and started for Paris; but was met by the Emperor, who, returning to Saint Cloud, recognised Mlle. Coutat, and stopped his carriage. 'I thought, Madame,' said he, 'that you were to breakfast with the Empress to-day?'

"Sire, the health of her Majesty."

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten," said Napoleon, smiling; "but, since you came to breakfast with the Empress, will you remain and breakfast with the Emperor?"

"Shortly afterwards Napoleon entered the palace of Saint Cloud with Mlle. Coutat, whom he presented to his wife. The *migraine* had entirely disappeared; Napoleon was in one of his rare moods of abandon; Mlle. Coutat was dazzling, witty, and gay; and the breakfast was charming. Mlle. Coutat abandoned the scene of her triumphs at a comparatively early age. At thirty-seven she gave up the rôles of coquettes, and began to play the mothers; a few years afterwards she quitted the stage, but she left behind her a competent successor in the person of Mlle. Mars, who at this period (1812) was in all the éclat of her beauty and talent. A perfect diction, a delicate raillery; rare ease, a mixture of nobility and grace, exquisite elegance—such were the elements of success all united in this incomparable model. And yet the commencement of her career was far from giving promise of the brilliant actress, the woman of tact, and of the great world. The first part she played was that of the brother of Jocrisse in the 'Désespoir de Jocrisse,' which made the fame and fortune of Brunet. This is the history of the piece which sent all Paris to the Théâtre Montausier. Two *littérateurs*, who were also men of learning and men of fashion—Aude, Knight of Malta, and formerly secretary to M. de Buffon, and Dorvigny, professor of ancient literature at the College Mazarin—both lost place and fortune in the revolution of '89. Thrown together as much by misfortune, they sought the stage as a refuge, and took to dramatic writing. At that time it was customary to pay the author a certain sum of money after the reading of his piece. This was his sole remuneration, and he was thus obliged to wait until the success of his work was exhausted—often a long time—before he could receive money for a fresh piece. Aude and Dorvigny were in this predicament, when one morning, while they were sitting in the *foyer* of the theatre, Montausier deploring their wretched plight, they heard that a reading which was expected to take place that day was obliged to be put off in consequence of the illness of the author. A light broke upon Dorvigny. 'This is just the opportunity we wanted,' said he. 'The committee has not been warned, and will presently arrive. Let us take the author's place and read ourselves.'

"Read!" returned the other; "but we have neither subject nor title."

"A subject?" replied Dorvigny, reflecting. 'I have one; and here is a good title, 'Jocrisse!'

"So be it," said Aude. 'You shall read the first half and I the second. We will divide the money, and go and enjoy the evening *chez Baucelin*.'

"Ten minutes afterwards Aude and Dorvigny were seated before

the committee, improvising a charming comedy in prose, with couplets, amid the laughter and applause of the assembly. When it was over, Brunet, left alone, unfolded the manuscript, looked at it, and was stupefied at seeing a quire of blank paper on which was simply written the word 'Jocrisse!' Several days passed without anything being heard of the authors, who, in the mean time, finding it utterly impossible to remember their improvisation, had decided to avow their trick, promising to set to work on another piece. Brunet, who had been delighted with his rôle, was in despair at hearing this news, and begged them still to try and recall the piece. Suddenly Dorvigny cried out, 'I have it, I have found my Jocrisse; and this time he shall not escape me.' The piece was at once written, and came out a few days afterwards at the Montausier."

For a year I was one of the faithful of the orchestra stalls, where the Marquis never failed to occupy his usual seat. One night, however, his place was empty: the *spirituel* Marquis, *de Ninivès anecdotier*, the last habitué of the Théâtre Français, was no more. He had died while relating an anecdote of Mlle. Coutat to the Curé of the parish!

## THE LAST OF THE LUTHERS.

(From Mayher's "Life in Saxony.")

On arriving at the Barbarian Blackamoor in the Lutheran village, we needed somebody to carry our portmanteaus and carpet-bags from the tavern to the schoolmaster's; and, on inquiry of the landlord, we were introduced to a clown in a light indigo-blue smock and a drab slouch hat, who had been brought to us from the neighbouring taproom, and whom we soon found to be no less a person than "The Last of the Luther's" himself. For the man had scarcely said "Good-day!" to us, before he apprised us of the fact—a piece of ostentation which might have been pardonable had it proceeded from any sense of his great ancestor's qualities; but which was far from admirable, seeing that it arose merely from an idea of the worth of the name in the matter of "drink-money." The swineherd, indeed, had found there was a certain market value set upon the name of Luther by visitors to the town, and therefore was particularly alert in communicating the information to strangers as to his being the ultimate member of the tribe in that village, in the hope of extracting an extra groschen or two from the reverence of the tourists, and transmitting the coins into corn-brandy-wine—for the fellow assuredly had a greater love of Schnapps than martyrdom.

"So you are the Last of the Luther's?" said we, eyeing the man with all the veneration of association, and endeavouring to pick out, if possible, some faint trace of a resemblance in the boorish features of the clown to the sturdy, and yet tender expression of the great German Reformer. But the most bigoted physiognomist could hardly have fooled himself into any such belief; for the fellow's head had so marked a sheepish character about it, in the receding forehead and long projecting nose, that he certainly had more of the lamb than the lion visible in his countenance.

"So you are the Last of the Luther's," we repeated, in a more melancholy tone, as we thought "How are the mighty fallen!"

"Ya!" grinned the Lutheran descendant; and his mouth stretched under the pleasurable emotion, either of his pride or some bright pecuniary prospect, so wide across his face, that it looked like that of one of the compressible gutta-percha heads when the forehead and chin are brought into close proximity. "Ya! and I be the swineherd here, too, my gentlemen," added the clown, chuckling again, as if the latter idea was quite as consoling to his vanity as the first.

"But to which of the branches of the Luther family do you belong, my good man?" we inquired; "are you connected with the Barchfeld, the Langensalz, or the Salzungens trees?"

"I have nothing to do with trees at all," was the simple answer; "that's the woodcutter's business; for I tell you I be only the swineherd here."

We could not help casting a smile of pity at the man's pastoral innocence concerning all genealogical technicalities, while we continued, "But how do you claim kindred with the great Reformer? Do you spring from his family directly? or do you belong to any of the collateral branches?"

"I tell you I'm the Last of the Luther's here—that's all I know," returned the boor, half angrily, "and everybody in the village will say the same; for I'm always shown as such to every one as likes to give a small drink-money to see me," and here he bowed his head by way of hint to us. "Why, at the time they set up the monument by the Luther's Beech over by Altenstein, I was fetched away from here by the parson, and taken over there to stand out in the middle of the crowd with my mother, who was alive then, and the other Last of the Luther's. There were three or four of us there at the time; and when the pillar was uncovered they sent the hat round for us, and a pretty lot of grochens we got by it." Whereupon the swineherd chuckled once more complacently with the sweet recollection of the *pfeffernüss*.

It was now unmistakably manifest that the clown cared for his lineage, not on account of the honour of the family, but solely for the petty beggar's estate that the reverence of others had connected with it. So, fooling the boor to the top of his bent, we went on saying, "I suppose, Luther, you expect to make a decent penny when the statue of your great ancestor, Martin, is set up in this village next year?—eh?"

"Ya! indeed I should think I do, too," he returned, indignantly. "Where's the use of having come from such a stock if you ain't to get anything by it? There's no pride about me," he added, with a grin, "for I always takes whatever gentlefolk pleases to give;" and here the beggar gave us another suggestive nod—a nod that we reckoned up at five grochens at least. "All I mean to say is this: it's a disgrace to the land, and to the great nation of Germany, that I'm left in the state I am, when it's written down in the church books here, under the record of Johann George Luther's death, that he was a descendant of Dr. Martin Luther, and leaves behind him only one son, Johann Nicolaus Luther, neighbour and master joiner, and that's myself. It's a crying shame, it is, I ain't comfortably provided for. Why don't they build me a good house, and get up a good subscription for me which would allow me enough to live upon without any more work for the rest of my life? Ya, that would be something like an honour to the name of Luther; but, as it is, his children ask for bread, and they give them nothing but stones."

The swineherd we found, upon cross-examination, was so utterly ignorant as to his relationship with the Reformer's family that, at first, we could hardly help looking upon the fellow as an impostor. But the landlord assured us that there was no doubt of his Lutheran descent; so, having learned that his Christian name was Johann Nicolaus, we after a while made out, by aid of the genealogical works we had brought with us, that he was a descendant of Hans Luther, "The Little," as he was called, who was one of Martin's two uncles; and that Martin Luther's father was, consequently, the great-grand-uncle of this same Johann Nicolaus some eight generations back.

On pointing out the fact to the swineherd himself, he exclaimed, as he scratched his head in wonderment at the pedigree we set before his eyes, "Yea, well! That be I, Johann Nicolaus, the joiner—*gans gewiss*—I was brought up to that trade. I was the grandson of Johann Nicolaus Luther, the bussar, too, sure enough. But how it can be, as you say, that I come from Hans the Little, and not from Martin Luther's own father, is more than I can tell. All I know is, I've been the Last of the Luther's here for some years. But I don't care for your books, for the minister of the village knows that I'm the real Last of the Luther's, too. Why, you'd be taking the bread out of a poor fellow's mouth by such rignardies. I am the Last of the Luther's, though, and the Last of the Luther's I mean to be, till I'm laid in the churchyard a-top of the church-bill yonder, please God!" and so the boor raved on until a glass of caraway-schnapps stopped his mouth.

We had some little difficulty in making the swineherd understand that we had no wish to deprive him of his birthright, or the grochens he got by it either; but he, poor fellow, was so utterly unskilled in following genealogical intricacies that it was impossible to impress upon him the difference of having sprung from one branch of the family and another.





THE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW FRENCH LOAN.—WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE BUREAU IN THE RUE MONT THABOR, PARIS.

**SUBSCRIBERS TO THE FRENCH LOAN.**

THE loan of 315,000,000*fr.*, lately proposed by the French Government, seems to have obtained a similar success to that which attended the establishment of the former subscriptions during the wars in the Crimea and in Italy. Both in Paris and in the departments the people have taken up the scheme with no little confidence, and in the city, especially, the public offices where the subscriptions were received have been crowded, while the passages leading to their doorways, and even the adjoining streets, have been filled with



PROGRESS OF THE WORKS AT THE NEW TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT BLACKFRIARS.—THE CARRIAGE WAY.



investors from amongst the humbler classes.

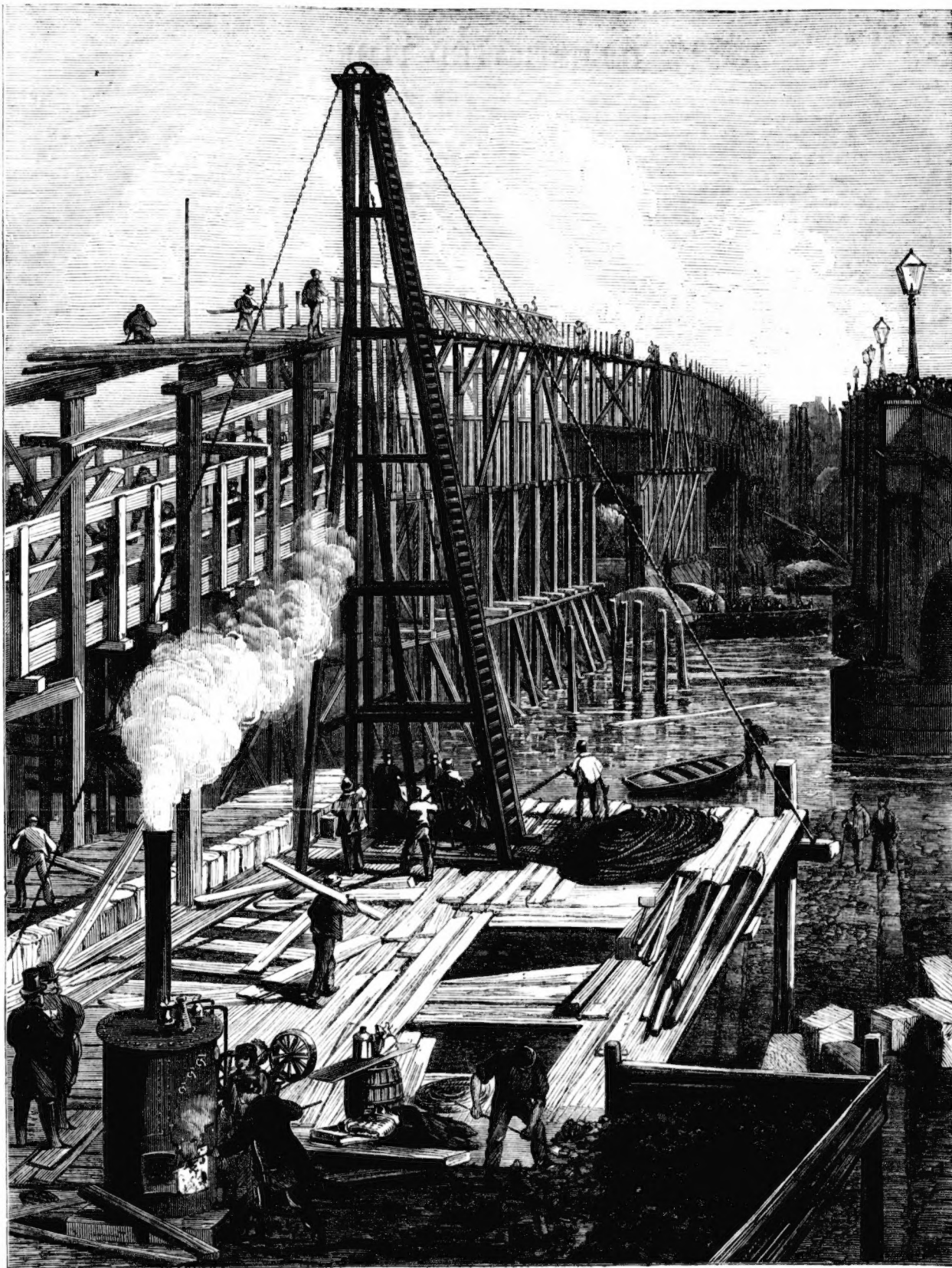
The national loan, by-the-by, has given rise to quite a new profession. As, according to the regulations, each person can only subscribe once, a number of idlers and street loungers, *faisaient queue*, invest their stock of ready money by subscribing for a certain sum, and afterwards make over their interest to anybody who will pay them for their agency. These new sort of capitalists are not always distinguished by a very imposing appearance, as far as outward display is concerned; but they serve to increase the numbers in a crowd which is well worth watching, and has in it some elements of the picturesque. The enthusiasm with which these small *rentiers* attend the various *bureaux* may be guessed from our Engraving, which is taken from a sketch made on the spot. Altogether, the men, their pipes and occasional *petit-verres* notwithstanding, scarcely take the matter in as business-like a way as do the women. Fancy planting yourself on a camp-stool on a drizzly morning in January in the cold to wait for the opening of an office! Yet this was done by one of the sturdy and determined females who formed one of the party represented. Not only did she take up her position in this way, but began calmly to take refreshment from a comfortable-looking basket. Another bright-looking creature, trim as to feet and neat as to crinoline and petticoat, which were well lifted out of the mud, amused herself with a cheap journal, and, when she grew tired of standing, also sat down on the camp-stool, which seems quite an institution amongst the *rentiers*.

There is very little pushing in a Parisian crowd, and people are contented to stand, according to their luck or their first position, without struggling and thrusting weak folks behind; while not even an enthusiastic investor would dream of roughly superseding a lady. It would appear that the greater part of the 315 millions demanded is already covered by these little six-franc investments.

#### THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

THE TAKING OF AGUAS CALIENTES.

It would appear from the most recent accounts

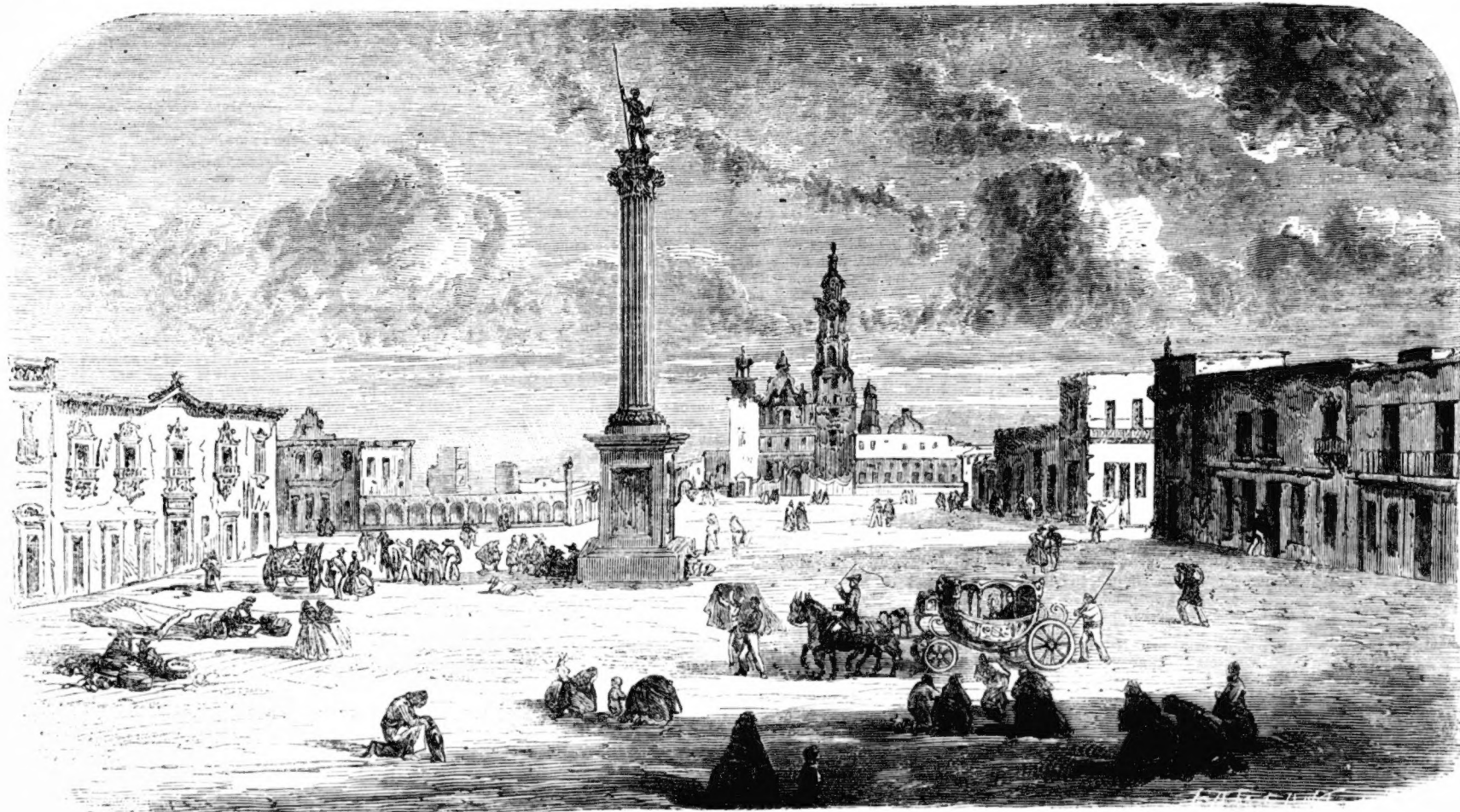


THE BLACKFRIARS TEMPORARY BRIDGE.

that, however unsuccessful the French expedition to Mexico may be considered as a matter of national policy, the triumph of the French arms has been gradually established; and by the details which have reached us there appears to have been a definite adhesion to the plan laid down by the military authorities for their operations against Juarez.

Private advices all concur in stating that the French troops had been everywhere well received, and that the most perfect order had been preserved along the line of march. Notwithstanding the ravages committed by the Juarist forces in their retreat, and the great drought from which the country has suffered during the last two years, provisions and forage in abundance were everywhere met with. This may afford some slight indication of what the productiveness of Mexico would be in a settled state of things, and it is no figure of speech to assert that the country could with ease maintain a population ten times more numerous than it now does.

On the 18th of November the Commander-in-Chief left Mexico, and on the 27th all the first division, commanded by General De Castagny, and Marquez's division, had united at Acambaro, an unimportant place, which they reached without having seen the enemy. From this position the division of Marquez and Berthier's brigade proceeded towards Mirelia, which they entered on the 30th without firing a shot. They left this place on the 2nd of December, and rejoined the General-in-Chief, who had gone to march upon Celaya, where he was to form a junction with Douai's division, which had marched by way of Tepeji, San Juan del Rio, and Queretaro. In this long route of 110 miles north-west from Mexico to the Ahanuac plateau the enemy was never seen, and it is said that the troops were everywhere favourably received. Meanwhile, the enemy had assembled his forces between Salvatierra, Valladolid, Santiago, Salamanca, and the road to Guanajuato. These towns and villages—the most important of which is Valladolid—were well chosen, since they commanded the approach to Guanajuato, the capital of one of the richest provinces in Mexico, traversed by the cordillera of Ahanuac, and con-



VIEW OF THE CITY OF AGUAS CALIENTES, RECENTLY ABANDONED BY JUAREZ, EX-PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.



taining the most productive mines in the country, among which is the Madre del Mundo, or "Mother of the World," an extraordinary vein of silver. The town which is the capital of this State is situated about 156 miles north-west of Mexico, in a narrow valley in the centre of the gorges which lead to the rich mines. It is, in fact, formed of an agglomeration of towns which have sprung up round the mines. It is the seat of a court of justice for the States of Guanajuato, Michoacan, Queretaro, San Luis de Potosi, and Colima; has a college and schools, and, besides its extensive works in connection with the mines, has some important manufactories of soap, leather, cloth, and tobacco. Its population is about 35,000.

On the 4th of December General Douai, preceded by Mejia's division, left Celaya to march upon this important position. General Castagny, directing his force against Salamanca, and the General-in-Chief with a brigade of cavalry, also proceeded with their operations.

On the 9th, General Douai entered Guanajuato; and, on the 22nd, at a large meeting of the inhabitants, it was unanimously resolved, "That the State of Guanajuato, the cradle of national independence, recognises his Majesty Ferdinand Maximilian and the Regency of the empire, persuaded that the French intervention has no other object than the maintenance of those guarantees which constitute the base of its political existence—viz., religion, independence, and union."

By this time all the positions had been taken, with but little resistance, and the enemy had retreated in the direction of San Luis and Leon, to which latter place the General-in-Chief repaired with Castagny's division, while Mejia proceeded to Dolores, and Douai to Piedra Gorda.

The General-in-Chief arrived at Lagos on the 16th. He there learnt that Doblado, Antillon, and Rincon were in advance on the road to Aguas Calientes. He endeavoured to come up with him, and with that view made a rapid march, one night and two long days, but was unsuccessful. On the evening of the 18th, 200 cavalry, escorting a considerable sum for Uraga, were dispersed by Chavez, with the loss of 28 killed and 15 prisoners. On the same day General Marquez was attacked in Morelia; he defeated Uraga, killing 500 of the enemy, and taking from him several pieces of cannon and a great number of arms. On Dec. 22 the advanced guard of General Douai, at Zamora, overthrew some heads of columns belonging to Uraga, and obliged the latter to retire towards the south. The General-in-Chief, having arrived at Aguas Calientes with a light column, gave up the hopeless pursuit of Doblado and directed his march upon Zacatecas and Nochistlan; re-entering Lagos on the 24th. On the 27th of December General Mejia was attacked at San Luis by Negrete, in the same way as General Marquez had been in Morelia. After some hours' fighting, the troops of Negrete were completely defeated, with the loss of six pieces of artillery, two standards, and several hundreds killed. On Dec. 29 General Douai was at Zamora; Colonel Aymard, with eight companies, occupied Guanajuato; Mejia was left at San Luis, to watch over that province and the country as far as Tampico; and General Castagny was ordered to Aguas Calientes, which was the last point occupied by Juarez after his retreat from San Luis.

This town, which from its position is a place of considerable importance, is about seventy miles south of Zacatecas on the west side of the table land, 6000 ft. above the sea level. It is remarkable for the hot springs, from which it takes its name, and is noted also for large trade and manufactures. It will be seen from the slight account which we have given of the progress of the French troops that they are occupying all the principal positions in the country, and that there remains little hope for the Government of Juarez. The General-in-Chief, at the head of two infantry regiments, five squadrons or cavalry, and two batteries, has marched against Guadalupe; and the States which have been added to those already acknowledging the Regency comprise (it is said) seven eighths of the population of the country.

#### THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT BLACKFRIARS.

For the past three or four months passengers over Blackfriars Bridge have often been sorely puzzled to tell what was going on amidst the tangle of beams and ties, girders, ropes, and cranes between which they could discern a sort of two-storied stage extending across the river, and seeming to have some connection with the great masses of timber and iron which were revealed still further on. The truth has been pretty well found out by this time, and London wayfarers at all events have discovered that the three bridges which now appear side by side have no connection, so far as their structure is concerned. The greater work, where the enormous caissons are sunk far below the river-bed, thence to rise solid pillars of masonry to support solid columns of iron and great girders, is the four-line bridge of the Chatham and Dover Railway; and the lighter timber structure is, in fact, but the temporary bridge, now nearly completed, and destined to supersede old Blackfriars, which will, in a month or two, be cleared away altogether to make room for one handsomer and more convenient. For some time the old, crippled arches of the present bridge have only been waiting for the centring to be knocked away to fall into utter and irretrievable ruin; and yet the beautifully-arranged system of scaffolding for the temporary erection has so checked the scouring of the river under those arches that they are probably safer than they have been for the last ten or fifteen years. In April, however, Blackfriars Bridge will probably be a thing of the past, and the temporary bridge (the first ever attempted across the Thames) will supply its place until the new structure is completed.

Although this temporary bridge is but a simple contrivance of strong scaffolding, it is at the same time deeply interesting as an example of skilful adaptation and of engineering ability to supply all that is required for the purpose in a very short space of time. Its length is 990 ft. from wharf to wharf, and it is built in two storeys, the lower one 26 ft. wide (the same as the roadway of the old bridge), the upper story, 16 ft. above this, consisting of two footways, each 9 ft. in width. By this arrangement the lower story is devoted entirely to carriage traffic, and the upper to pedestrians.

This scaffolding, though called a temporary bridge, might well be permanent; or at least permanent as far as strength is concerned, if not by the durability of the materials. The lower piles are driven 10 ft. into the bed of the river; the staying piles, which carry the roadway, being only 18 ft. from centre to centre longitudinally; while those laid transversely are but 7 ft. apart. All these are bound together with horizontal and diagonal bracings, and the whole structure is built of considerably greater strength than ordinary wooden viaducts for railways. There are three openings for the river traffic, each of 70 ft. span, and formed by two long girders 6 ft. in depth, with ordinary transverse girders between. These are floored with wrought-iron buckle-plates, and are about to be covered with asphalt and paved with wood. The gradient of this new road is a rise of one in forty—the same as that intended to be adopted in the new bridge—a marked difference from the present awkward acclivity of one in twenty-two. The approaches to the foot-bridge will of course be more steep, rising, in fact, to one in ten, but this gradient is only continued to the point where the footpaths from each side meet the road traffic above, whence they are continued across the river almost at a level. The test already applied to the structure has been a mass of iron weighing thirty-six tons drawn slowly across the greater part of the carriage-way, and this tremendous strain produced no yielding of the timbers. The test for vibration will be a weight of six tons drawn over it at a rapid rate, and if this should be unaccompanied with any lateral sway of the fabric, it may be pronounced secure against any accident which can be produced by ordinary traffic.

The new bridge for which this is the temporary substitute will be as far superior to the present structure as that of Westminster is to the pile of stones which it superseded: but it is unfortunate for Blackfriars, and for the otherwise universal appreciation of Mr. Cubitt's work, that there will be but a distance of 150 ft. between that and the great railway bridge. This will result in the loss of any complete view of what will undoubtedly be one of the noblest and most beautiful works in London, for the spans of both bridges are the same, and as the railway bridge is level, and the

other will be arched, the effect will be utterly to spoil the architectural beauty of the whole. This should be no reason, however, for missing the opportunity of adding a fine public work to the metropolis, and the designs of the new Blackfriars Bridge will, perhaps, secure sufficient beauty to overcome many accidental disadvantages. The style of the whole structure is to be Venetian Gothic; the two outside ribs of the ironwork, as seen from the river, having open lattice spandrels of wrought iron, ornamented at their joints of considerable depth and strength, ornamented in a similar style but on a larger scale, while the centre of each arch will bear hanging shields gilt and emblazoned. A moulding will be carried over the lattice-work on concave brackets, enriched with broad, graceful foliage; and surmounting all will be the balustrade of the footways, formed of an open arched of cast iron, each of its small supporting columns furnished with enriched foliated capitals of varied design, but in accordance with the general effect. Above these, the cornice of the balustrade will be pierced in trefoils, with a moulded course to represent a handrail above all. This balustrade will be 3½ ft. in height, and every detail of the design has been studied with the utmost care.

The entire length of the bridge from end to end will be 1170 ft., and its extreme width from point to point of piers 130 ft.; its height from high water 36½ ft., and from foundation to parapet 81 ft. The waterway under the arches will be 845 ft. (being an increase of 76 ft. on the present waterway); its headway under the arches will be 25 ft., and, though 4 ft. lower in height, it will afford much greater accommodation for river traffic, owing to the elliptical shape and somewhat flat crowns of its arches.

The bridge will consist of four stone piers, each 130 ft. long by 20½ ft. wide and 35 ft. in height from the Trinity high-water level; and, as the design includes the admission of colour in construction, the masonry will be formed of the blue-grey Aberdeen granite, polished columns of red granite, and bases and capitals of richly carved white Portland stone. For each pier seven wrought-iron caissons, or cylinders, will be required. These will be forced down to 20 ft. below the river-bed and into the London clay, and will then be laid at the bottom with concrete, and built up inside either with solid brick or masonry. The enormous blocks of granite will be laid 4 ft. below low water, and will then be continued upwards in the centre to the place where the iron arches rest, and on the external face of the pier, so that on each end that can be seen from the river they will apparently rise to the level of the balustrade. From a bold, carved stone pediment on the end of each pier will rise a column of polished red granite, 7 ft. in diameter and 12 ft. high, and this will be surmounted by a gigantic capital, also of white stone, which will bear a rich and deeply-cut cornice of bold design.

Above all will appear a massive ornamental parapet of white stone, partly pierced in simple designs, and forming the balustrade, &c., surrounding the wide recess above each pier. It is calculated that when the piers are all finished the pressure on the foundation will be only four tons per foot—a very low average; and the sectional area of all the girders has been designed to meet a strain seven times stronger than any that can come upon the bridge in the reasonable course of London daily traffic. The magnificent appearance of the whole structure will be greatly enhanced by a broad and handsome flight of steps at both sides and at both ends leading to the waterside, and still more by the balustrades terminating at each end in bold, massive pediments, on which it is proposed to erect groups of bronze statuary, for which purpose £16,000 has been granted by the Corporation. They are to consist of equestrian statues 20 ft. in height—her Majesty, with Queen Elizabeth, at one end, with King Alfred, and probably Edward the Black Prince, at the other.

The new bridge at Westminster is celebrated as the cheapest and yet the most beautiful which spans the Thames, and the cost of the whole work at Blackfriars, including the temporary bridge represented in our Engraving, is at the rate of £3 per foot super, or only a shilling a foot more costly than that of Westminster. The entire cost will amount to £265,000.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Phelps has appeared at Drury Lane as Sir Pertinax Macgocophant, to the intense delight of all those who can properly appreciate genuine comedy. The performance is too well known, for its fame has spread from London and been acknowledged even in critical Scotland, to need present comment. Both Glasgow and Edinburgh, with traditions of George Frederick Cooke and memories of Harry Johnson, have stamped it perfect, and we playgoingsouthrons have but to indorse the verdict.

On Wednesday Mr. Sothorn appeared as Bunkum Muller to a house that was not only crowded by what I will call the general British public, but by a goodly show of the literary and artistic celebrities of London, among whom I will only mention the author of "Very Hard Cash," and the gentleman who "does the sporting" cuts in *Punch*. There was great excitement about "Bunkum Muller." In the first place, nobody knew what it was, whether a town in America, a Yankee pedlar, a favourite Transatlantic dish, or a German poem; in the second, Mr. Sothorn has recently broken, or splintered, or fractured, or done something to his collar-bone; and, in the third, there was considerable curiosity as to what Dundreary would do next. And these mysteries were complicated by a puzzling playbill, that announced that Bunkum Muller was the "only visible person" in the monologue, and that he would be aided by "invisible parties."

Without further preface, Mr. Bunkum Muller is a crazy-brained and dilapidated dramatic author, whose study is a cracked-windowed and dilapidated apartment, in which he is locked by a termagant wife, formerly the widow of one Tickler. Deprived of communion with his better half, and being an inexhaustible conversationalist, he confides his sorrows to a bust of Shakespeare, whom he addresses familiarly and fraternally as "Bill." He—Bunkum, and not Shakespeare—has been and is in love with a certain Julia, who lives "over the way;" but, believing her faithless, he sacrificed himself to the widow of Tickler, who had a prospect of money. In taking out and examining a pistol he accidentally fires it, breaks his own window—which the audience were delighted to observe was glazed with real glass, and the bullet penetrates to his beloved Julia. He is seized with agony, believes that he has murdered the woman he loves, and evolves possible consequences from his own inner literary and artistic consciousness, and pleads against himself as counsel for the prosecution. The policeman from the street shouts to him and tells him that the ball has penetrated a chest. "Oh! horror! Julia's chest—that loved and lovely bosom!" No—a chest of drawers. Tickler—the living Tickler—next bawls from the street that he has not been drowned, and that he claims his wife, whom he knows to be the heiress to considerable property. Letters arrive. Thus money, Julia, and other blessings are showered upon Bunkum. Finally, his tragedy is accepted by Mr. J. B. Buckstone, of the Haymarket Theatre, and, after going through the last scene of it, the curtain falls. "Bunkum Muller" is a thing to be seen and not described; the whole of the time that Mr. Sothorn is acting he is doing something else—brushing boots, cleaning floors, finding vegetables, unhooking cupboard doors, opening windows, stirring the fire, breaking pipes, and not lighting cigars. The monologue was entirely successful. Mr. Sothorn appeared to have quite recovered from his accident; and the exertion of acting burlesque, tragedy, comedy, farce, and melodrama is a severe test to any man's powers, even when in full health. Both actor and author were called for, and "Bunkum Muller" is destined to a long run—perhaps to be another Lord Dundreary; and those auditors who conceived that Mr. Sothorn's talents were confined to the exhibition of "Dundrearyism" were effectually disabused of that belief on Wednesday last.

MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, lessee of the Adelphi and St. James's Theatres, and Master of the Dramatic College, was on Wednesday entertained at dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, and presented with a testimonial in the shape of a beautifully illuminated scroll, on which Mr. Webster's services to the drama were recorded.

#### Literature.

*The Gentle Life: Essays in Aid of the Formation of Character.*  
Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Is it more difficult to lead the Gentle Life or to write about it? We do not know; but it is a subject in relation to which it is very easy to mystify the general reader.

Twenty years or so back, sincere but impatient minds, revolted by "progressive" talk and social nostrums which came to nothing ponderable, said to themselves, "Why all this fuss? Let us give the other thing a trial—turn the leaf backward instead of forward—and see what we can get out of Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley. At least we shall get peace and quietness, and life lived in a gentle mood."

The extreme beauty of the Addisonian type made this more than excusable; it was lovable. But it could never come to anything real. The pendulum oscillates, but it moves forward, changing its pivot every hour. Queen Anne is dead; you can no more revive her than you can revive Druidism. But a great man stepped forward to try his hand at the impossible thing. What he did that was real is unique in our literature; what he did that was chiefly mimetic was not unique, and was, in its turn, imitated. A crowd of writers followed the great man—or rather chased him, several streets off. Here was a chance for the tag-rag and bob-tail of literature! They had not, indeed, fought his fight, and had not, therefore, his reasons for falling back upon the quietness of the Addisonian mood; but they were quick to perceive that the Addisonian manner, worked in modern grooves of thought, gave them a chance of shirking the battle altogether. Under cover of a style which (from its imitative character) sometimes left you in doubt when the key was serious and when it was burlesque, it was obviously possible to dodge difficulties of all kinds. The neophytes, to do them justice, made the most of their opportunity: they went in for the Easy Life and called it the Gentle Life. It was thus that what in the hands of the great artist was at best a protest, and at worst a doubt, became, in the hands of the tag-rag and bobtail, a conspiracy for letting down great phrases to little meanings. Allowance being made for latitude, for evasion, and for banter, the residue was nothing particular. Pay your tailor (if you can). Do not kick your grandmother. Beg pardon when you tread on a man's toes. Give a beggar a halfpenny now and then. Get along comfortably. Do exactly as other people do, and call it being "brave." That is all. For the Gentle Life—inquire within.

This comes of literary galvanism. The Queen Anne type is dead; it went out in Benjamin Franklin—its last metamorphosis—without the wig, the sword, the ruff, and the poetic grace, but essentially the same. "My dear Sir," says Plumer Hay, one of Mr. Hannay's heroes, "if Addison was alive now, he would be writing in the *Morning Advertiser*." Exactly. To which we will add, on our own account, that if Sir Roger de Coverley was alive now he would be signed away into a private lunatic asylum in a week.

We love Sir Roger de Coverley well enough to have had for years a specially bound copy of the Coverley papers for constant reading. But in his place. He cannot be reproduced, nor the spirit of his age. Attempt it, and you make (if a great artist) a hybrid, and (if a little one) a humbug. Hence, you never know where to have these writers of the gentlemanly school. One time they are flourishing Milton's rapier as if they were going to call down fire from heaven to its point; and then, when the air grows hot, or the subject difficult, you find them hiding under Franklin's coat-tail. The result being that Barnum himself, if he will only behave quietly, pat his children's polle, and take his toddy on the quiet, may fancy himself an heroic gentleman, and feel the aureole of Michael Angelo's Moses sprouting out of his head because he pays the rent of the shop in which he sands the sugar, and of the pew in which he airs the little Barnums on Sundays.

We have the pleasure of agreeing with the author of this book in something which he says about Mr. Leech:—"I am not at all sure whether he would be a gentleman and would lead the Gentle Life truly can approve of those caricatures of servants which the famous Mr. Leech has made, and which so many of us laugh at in *Punch*. I am by no means sure whether or not they are not terribly hard-hearted. I think they are very much so." A passage which has our cordial assent. And the criticism might be extended; for Mr. Leech has, of late years, got into the way of vulgarising his women far too often. If he thinks this is realism he is mistaken—as much mistaken as he is when he makes his organ-grinders ugly.

It is impossible to read the papers collected in the present volume without being struck with the extent of the author's reading, and the readiness with which his mind turns to many things which are kindly, and to some which are truly noble. But the mood in which this readiness appears to work is not sufficiently sustained and strenuous for the indispensable ends of consecutive and harmonious thought, and correct quotation and expression. It is a difficult thing to write of the Gentle Life, no doubt; and the difficulty might be pressed so as to excuse all faults but those which mislead the reader, while doing injustice to the sincerity of the author. Such a book as this has to be illustrated by examples; and to move respectfully among the names of the great and good requires a most arduous will and a self-suspicious temper. Otherwise there is perpetual risk of wronging truth as well as persons, as in a single instance which we will quote out of many. In the essay on "Ambition" we have the following about

#### DESIRE OF DISTINCTION.

We need not draw lessons from kings and conquerors. Every one of us has his little ambitious aim, his desire to distinguish himself and to make himself the chief man. It matters not much whether we endeavour to be Pitt in Parliament or an orator in a public-house; the same love of praise, the unquiet wish to be talked about, to be first, inflates the breath of both. Yet ambition is generally thought to be a high and glorious passion; it is one which all women love, because all women share it; but its gorgeous trappings merely disguise it. "If we strip it," says Burton, "we shall find it consists of the mean materials of envy, pride, and covetousness." The desire of fame may be the last infirmity of noble minds, but it is an infirmity nevertheless.

We have here, it will be observed, the second greatest name in English literature indirectly involved in to support, with a sort of implied toleration, the doctrine that we all desire to be first. This is managed by quoting the words of the complaining shepherd, and overlooking the reply of Phœbus:—

*Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glittering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;*

and so on. The real teaching of "Lyceias" is that "fame" is the "last infirmity" parted with by the noble mind; but one that is parted with, if Phœbus have really "touched the trembling ears" of the shepherd who has humbly waited upon the god by "scorning delights and living laborious days." It is, in plain, honest fact, utterly false to say that we all desire distinction. There are thousands of sweet, strong souls that never did and never will desire it—people to whom it would be simply painful to assert, or to find openly recognised, any point of superiority; and the "noble mind" in which it is an "infirmity" has to trample it down into the earth, from which it springs up again, transmuted from a poisonous, vulgar weed into a flower of paradise—the love of that "perfect witness of all-judging Jove" which lies in the unthought, unsought sympathy of whatever is best in the universe.

The two sentences (one of them *incorrectly* given) on page 208 from Emerson, and the statement hastily slipped in about Spinoza on page 212, both of them involve misrepresentations of the very gravest kind. The first, since Mr. Emerson is alive, is important as a matter of character; the second is totally unaccountable.

VICTOR EMANUEL AND THE POPE.—Replying to a clerical deputation the other day, Victor Emmanuel is reported to have said:—"I am aware a report is circulated of my being on ill terms with the Holy Father, from whom I nevertheless again received, during the past year, further proofs of affection on the occasion of my daughter's marriage. His Holiness has invited me to Rome. I will add that I am in correspondence with him, and that I am in good hopes that the time is not far distant when all differences will disappear."







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